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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Not So Dark A Picture

SIR Arthur Moore's address at yesterday's annual meeting of the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation was, we feel entitled to say, characteristic. At a time when the immediate political future is blurred and national economies strained, it radiated a fine degree of optimism. Particularly heartening was Sir Arthur's review of conditions in Hongkong. "Our finances are 'highly satisfactory,'" our industrialization continues to grow, but not out of proportion to the Colony's basic industry—her entrepot trade. Nevertheless, Sir Arthur did not shrink from the duty of giving due recognition to the fact that the volume of trade as expressed in tonnage of commercial cargo was last year 10 per cent lower than in 1951 and 30 per cent below 1950. It is these figures which more correctly reveal the adverse effect which restrictions, embargoes and other forms of Governmental "interference" have had on the Colony's prosperity. Nevertheless the encouraging conclusion to be drawn from Sir Arthur's "State of the Colony" message is that we have courageously and not unsuccessfully dealt with trading difficulties during the past twelve months.

THE Colony's traders will applaud Sir Arthur's depreciation of the "unfortunate hindrances imposed by governments" to the furtherance of commerce. Similarly he struck a blow for the good name of Hongkong by his emphatic declaration that the Colony is strictly complying with the United Nations embargo on strategic and other essential commodities. The point needs to be driven home, for there continues to exist too many critics (mostly far removed from the scene) who believe, and try to make others believe, that Hongkong is not seriously endeavouring to fulfil her obligations to the United Nations. We are doing so and will continue to do so, as long as such restrictions are deemed necessary, yet when it comes to legitimate commerce all will echo Sir Arthur's expressed hope that "governments will interfere as little as possible with the stream of trade which eventually almost always finds its way round obstructions set in the way."

Closer British Association With EDC

PROPOSALS APPROVED BY CABINET

London, Feb. 27. The British Cabinet has approved new proposals for closer association of the United Kingdom with the six-nation West European Defence Community, it was authoritatively reported today.

British suggestions accede to the principle of the French request—formally submitted by the French Prime Minister and the French Foreign Minister in London earlier this month—that Britain be more intimately linked with the EDC and the European Army. But they exclude, as before, outright British participation in the Defence Community.

DARING FEAT BY PILOT

Zermatt, Switzerland, Feb. 27.

A Swiss pilot today landed his tiny Piper Cub plane 13,600 feet up Monte Rosa, Switzerland's highest mountain, to bring down the bodies of two German mountaineers and a local guide.

The three were killed when they fell more than 1,000 feet yesterday. The pilot, Hermann Geller, chief pilot of the Swiss Air Force, brought his plane down at a spot about 150 yards from the place where the bodies were found by search parties. They were loaded into Geller's plane and flown back to Zermatt.

BOMB EXPLODES IN OFFICE

Tunis, Feb. 27. The office of Air France was badly damaged on Friday by a bomb placed in a corridor. No one was hurt by the explosion which police blamed on extreme nationalists urging independence for this French North African protectorate.—Associated Press.

Will Exchange Views, But No Commitments Eden's Visit To Washington

Washington, Feb. 27.

Mr. John Foster Dulles, America's Secretary of State, said today that his talks with the British Foreign Secretary, Mr. Anthony Eden, here next week would cover a wide range of political, economic and financial subjects but he did not expect to reach any agreements.

Mr. Dulles said he did not know what political matters would be discussed. Nor did he know what British proposals would be made for Anglo-American economic and financial co-operation.

Speaking at a press conference, Mr. Dulles said that when he visited London last month it was agreed that these Washington talks would be purely exploratory in the economic and financial field.

Economically Mr. Eden will speak as the representative of the British Commonwealth. He will put before the United States Government the Commonwealth proposals for a permanent solution of the dollar gap problems and an eventual return to convertibility of the pound sterling.

In the political and diplomatic field Mr. Dulles and Mr. Eden will discuss negotiations going on throughout the world, whose success depends on Anglo-American co-operation and understanding.

On the Suez Canal question the British leaders are known to be anxious for a close alignment of British and United States policy. This is to prevent even mistaken beliefs about Anglo-American differences on the forthcoming talks between Britain and the Egyptian Premier, General Mohammed Naguib.—Reuter.

His Coronation Robes



The Archbishop of Canterbury in the robes and cope he will wear at the coronation of the Queen. The cope is made of pure Japanese fabrics, silks and brocades by the brotherhood of St. Andrew, and was presented to the Archbishop by Bishop Yoshino, the presiding Bishop of the Church of Japan in 1948, as a token of the World Fellowship of the Anglican Communion. For the coronation two large amethyst stones which were worn by Archbishop Howley at Queen Victoria's Coronation, have been inserted into the morse of the cope.—London Express.

A Son For Seretse Khama

London, Feb. 27.

Mrs. Ruth Khama, English wife of Seretse Khama, exiled chief elect of the Bamangwato tribe of Bechuanaland, gave birth to a son today at their Chipstead, Surrey, home.

The news was cabled at once to Bechuanaland where traditional celebrations and rejoicings will probably be held. Mr. and Mrs. Khama already have a daughter, Jacqueline, born at Serowe, in 1950. Two months earlier Seretse had been exiled as chief elect of the Bamangwato tribe because of his marriage to a white woman.

Last year the British Government again refused to recognise either Seretse or his exiled Uncle Tsekoedi as chief. Fenner Brockway, British Labour Member of Parliament, said today that he would preside over a meeting of the Executive of the Council for the Defence of Seretse Khama and the Protectorates at the House of Commons next Tuesday, March 3. It would consider reports from Serowe of the renewed determination of the Bamangwato tribe to secure the return of Seretse Khama as their chief.—Reuter.

REDS LOSE GROUND IN FRANCE

Paris, Feb. 27.

Communist leaders in the Paris area tonight started a secret three-day conference to find a way of halting a current drop in membership figures and organising a campaign against supporters of rebel leader Andre Marty.

In a closely guarded hall in the working class suburb of Aubervilliers, Polkhuuro member Raymond Duyot, Secretary in the Paris area, reported that membership in the district dropped from 88,000 in 1949 to 74,000 in 1951. There was a further drop last year but M. Duyot did not disclose the exact figures.

He also stated in his report as published here that against 1,800 factory cells in 1950 there were now only 1,420. Circulation figures of the party organ, Humanite, in the Paris area had dropped from 39,000 in 1950 to 34,000 in 1952.

The expanding activities of the supporters of rebel leader Andre Marty, who was expelled from the party several months ago, will also receive close attention at the meeting, informed sources said.—Reuter.

NEW UN SECRETARY-GENERAL

Russia Believed Ready To Strike A Bargain

United Nations, Feb. 27. High United Nations diplomats tonight believed that Russia was ready to bargain for the Secretaryship-General of the world organisation. There have been indications, they said, that the Kremlin would accept a Western-supported candidate to succeed Mr. Trygve Lie in exchange for some Western concessions to the Soviet Union.

These concessions, the sources said, might be demanded by Russia:

1. A deal by which a diplomat from an Iron Curtain country would be elected President of the General Assembly. No Soviet satellite has yet held this one-year honour.
2. A return to the "gentlemen's agreement" concerning the non-permanent Security Council members, in which satellite countries will be represented together with other UN nations.
3. Agreement to admit Communist China to the United Nations once the Korean war is ended.

RECENT REPORTS

The sources said one or more of these concessions might be demanded. There have been recent reports that the Russians would not veto the choice of Mr. Lester Pearson for Secretary-General. This was generally regarded as a preliminary offer for Russian bargaining. Reports were current some weeks ago that the Soviet Ambassador to Washington, Mr. Georgi Zarubin, had given assurance that Russia would not turn down Mr. Pearson.

This gave Mr. Pearson's stock a great boost but since the Assembly began earlier this week, there have been new reports that Mr. Zarubin "denied" the story in conversation with supporters of the Philippine representative, Mr. Carlos Romulo. Mr. Zarubin was said to have remarked caustically that perhaps

Mr. Pearson might be acceptable but no "pledge" was given. It was known that both Mr. Pearson, Canadian External Affairs Secretary, and Mr. Romulo, Philippine Ambassador, would accept the job. The only "reluctant candidate" is Mr. Nasrallah Entezam, who has said he does not want the post.—United Press.

Vice Trial Verdict

New York, Feb. 27.

Eleven married jurors and one bachelor tonight found Minot "Mickey" Jekke, heir to a million-dollar margarine fortune, guilty of providing call girls to cafe society playboys.

The possible maximum sentence could be 40 years' imprisonment. The jury convicted 23-year-old Jekke on two counts of a nine-count indictment charging that he induced and enticed women to sell their love. It found him guilty specifically of leading 19-year-old Pat Ward into a life of prostitution and of trying to induce redhead Marguerite Cordove to become a \$50 to \$100 call girl. Jekke was acquitted on one count of trying to do the same thing with Pat Thompson, third of a parade of vice girls who took the witness stand during one of the "strangest" morals cases ever tried in a New York courtroom.—United Press.

PETITION FOR MERCY

Singapore, Feb. 27.

The Malayan Chinese Association today petitioned the Sultan of Perak to commute the death sentence passed on Miss Lee Ten-tai, 25, Chinese girl convicted of unlawful possession of a hand-grenade. The petition said that if the girl, also known as Lee Meng, had the right to be tried by members of her own people—a right enjoyed by Europeans—she would not have been convicted.—Reuter.

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Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

Governor's Annual Speech From Council Chamber

March 4 is a day of considerable importance to the Colony, as it is on Wednesday afternoon next that His Excellency the Governor delivers his Annual Review of the Year to members of the Legislative Council in the Council Chamber. This is followed by an introduction of the Annual Estimates by the Honourable the Financial Secretary.

Radio Hongkong is putting out His Excellency's speech in full, a broadcast which will be of unusual interest as, for the first time, the address will be recorded from the Council Chamber itself. Radio Hongkong is not taking the Financial Secretary's formal Budget Speech in view of its length, but it is hoped that it will be possible to broadcast a brief summary by the Financial Secretary himself from the studio.

This programme comes at 7.10 on Wednesday, and is also being taken on relay by Rediffusion.

"Forces' Favourites" from London tonight will be a 15-minute programme only, at 7.45 p.m. The BBC is broadcasting an all-star Radio Variety Performance before Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. Ted Ray is the compere and the programme lasts until 8.25.

SPORT
Rugger and Racing again take a special place in this week's radio. Tonight the station will remain on the air to take the Rugby Union international between Scotland and Ireland at Murrayfield, Glasgow, from 11.40 p.m. till 12.50 a.m. The commentary is by G. V. Wynne-Jones, with summaries by Jack Wemyss.

The Cheltenham Gold Cup, the highlight of the National Hunt meeting at Cheltenham, takes place on Thursday. Radio Hongkong is relaying the BBC's commentary on the race at 11.15 p.m.

FEATURES
"Report on Kenya" by Colin Willis, is a transcribed BBC programme which, because of its topical interest, was flown out to Radio Hongkong. It lasts an hour and is the result of Willis' visit to Kenya on behalf of the BBC, from which he recently returned. He reports on the situation as he saw it, particularly in relation to the Mau Mau campaign of violence and terror in Kikuyu territory.

MUSIC
Irene Yuen is giving a piano recital from the Concert Hall at 9 o'clock on Wednesday night. She will play Bach's Italian Concerto, Nocturne in C Sharp Minor by Chopin, and "The Minstrel's Prelude" No. 12 by Debussy.

Sunday is St. David's Day, and the special service in commemoration of the Patron Saint of Wales will be relayed from St. John's Cathedral, by Radio Hongkong at 11 o'clock in the morning. On Sunday night at 7.15 there is a little programme of the music of Wales "For St. David's Day", with Glenis Gordon-Fleet playing the harp and Megan Foster singing.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 645 kilocycles per second and on 9.52 megacycles per second in the 31 metre band).

Today
12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.35 NEWS.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT.
By L'Orchestra De La Societe Des Concerts Du Conservatoire De Paris.
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Produced by William Hughes. Part 1: "A Claim for Ten Thousand".
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Club v. South China.
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By Brigs Young.
5.45 CHAIRMAN WILLIAMS & HIS ORCHESTRA.
Skyline of the Seafarer.
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March of the Thunderbolt.
Rhapsody. Arthur Sandford (Piano).
The Lullaby. Violin and Reg. Leopold (Violin).
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7.05 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.10 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.15 TOP OF THE MORNING.
8.00 NEWS AND WEATHER REPORT.
8.10 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
9.05 STUDIO: MORNING PRAYERS.
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KING'S

**TO-MORROW
MORNING SHOW**
at 11.30 a.m.
At Reduced Prices

**KING'S MAJESTIC EMPIRE****SHOWING TO-DAY**

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M. | AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M. | AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

HOLD YOUR BREATH**EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW**

KING'S	MAJESTIC	EMPIRE
At 11.30 A.M.	At 12 Noon	At 12.30 P.M.
Bud ABBOTT Lou COSTELLO "Meet The Invisible Man"	Dean MARTIN Jerry LEWIS in "At War With The Army" A Paramount Picture	M-G-M's Technicolor Cartoons Programme

AT REDUCED PRICES

SHOWING TO-DAY **LIBERTY** AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

A Wonderful
French Film
with
English Sub-titles



THE TRUE STORY OF A WITCH WOMAN
TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.
WARNER BROS. PRESENTS
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
At Reduced Prices

ORIENTAL AIR-CONDITIONED

SHOWING TO-DAY: 2.30—5.30—7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
THE BOLDEST TALE OF PIRACY THE SCREEN HAS EVER TOLD! When the Pirate Kings of the Spanish Main Clashed for blood-stained treasure... a red-haired beauty... and possession of the pirate stronghold!



SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30
At Reduced Admission Prices
Ann Blyth & David Farrar in "GOLDEN HORSE"

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Leo Falk and Phil Davis



HIGH MARKS FOR HIGH NOON

By SUE DAWSON

Perhaps not a Cooper to beat all Coopers—there have been several of those since the 1920s when Gary came into the limelight—but certainly top Cooper in a Western to beat all Westerns. There have, allegedly, been several of these too, but few have really qualified for the description, "High Noon". I think, does.

The inveterate Western goer who sees this is in for a surprise. It breaks many of the conventions of the customary Cowboy film, and with them, the tedious sameness which stamps every adventure from the slick wilderness of Western studios. True, there are horses, cops and robbers and gunfights—one gunfight. As Baked Alaska would not be Baked Alaska without the ice cream, so you could not tag the name "Western" to a film without any of these ingredients.

What is so revolutionary about "High Noon" is the way the story is unfolded, and the concentration on the human side of it. There is none of the usual explanation or introduction; hardly anything is said at all in the first ten minutes of the film.

You watch through a glass, darkly, what you feel to be the beginning of a critical episode. A powerful atmosphere is being built up, while slowly the mystery is dispersed. Words and moves have only their full significance some time after they have been spoken and made. And the whole thing is regulated by the clock. It is twenty minutes to eleven when you first see the hands of a clock; the train is due in Hadleyville at midday—high noon.

There is nothing particularly unusual about the story—it is the tale of an ex-ranger, who, having just been married, is off for his honeymoon—when he finds that a murderer he sent to be hanged some years before, and whose sentence was commuted to life, is coming back to town on the noon train for which three of his henchmen are waiting up at the station.

The townspeople greatly fear the deadly Frank Miller (Ian MacDonald), but are disinclined to resist him. Ex-ranger Will Kane (Gary Cooper) is advised to get out quickly; he starts, but

returns to replace the "tin star" on his shirt, much to his Quaker wife's disgust. In fact to everyone; there is no support forthcoming. It is this factor which makes the tremendous climax, so that the only real action during the whole hour and a half of the film breaks loose in the last twenty minutes. Cooper has plenty of scope for being a hero! Not the events, but the insight into human beings involved in the events is the unusual and important thing about this psychological drama, this unique Western.

THUGS BEYOND REPROACH

In such a film, the acting is treble important. Gary Cooper is unquestionably good, and the thugs beyond reproach. The townspeople are excellent support for them. That leaves the young deputy ranger, whose lack of daring and maturity come through well in Lloyd Bridge's performance, and the two women. One of these is Mexican Katy Jurado—the most exciting character in the film—brave, sophisticated, worldly-wise. The other is the girl Cooper marries, Grace Kelly, who is—well, just so-so.

Being a Stanley Kramer production, the distinction of "High Noon", his first Western, is perhaps not really so surprising. It was he who made "Cyrano de Bergerac".

THIS IS WHY

Why did Vivien Leigh accept the starring role in *Elephant Walk*, now being filmed in Ceylon?

"As soon as I saw that the planter's wife was described as a 'normal, healthy girl' I jumped at the role," she says.

"Oh, the bliss of not having to go mad, commit suicide or contemplate murder!"

Lawrence At Last

THE life of Lawrence of Arabia is to be filmed at last. Independent producer David E. Ross is acquiring the biographical rights from Lawrence's estate and production will begin later this year.

Earlier, Ross will bring Gary Cooper here to film *African Rifles*—with location shooting in Kenya.

Come-back Girl Is Coming Back Once More

By KEN SMITH

Britain's come-back girl No. 1 is coming back—for the third time—very nicely, thank you. And not before time.

Few actresses aged 26 have twice known wealth and fame—and twice been flung back to the bottom of the ladder.

She is Peggy Cummins, 5ft. 11in. tall, seven stone honey blonde with blue eyes. She first became a star at 13, when Warners gave her a contract on the strength of her success in the revue "Let's Pretend".

Because of her age she was allowed to work only during the school holidays. Her first film was *Dr. O'Dowd*. The day after the film was shown war was declared and her Warner contract was cancelled.

At 16 Peggy made come-back No. 1. She was "discovered" while working as a salesgirl in a London store. A year later came her biggest success, as the 12-year-old in *Junior Miss*.

Hollywood grabbed her, and in 1935 she went to America with a seven-year contract at \$250-a-week. In Hollywood they did their best to smooth the life out of her and turn her into yet another specimen of the Hollywood doll. They didn't succeed.

They picked her to play Amber. Two months (and \$75,000) later they sacked her. She still looked too young and fresh.

Still Not Satisfied

Four films for Twentieth Century in America and Britain followed, but in 1948 her contract was terminated—three years early. Her four years had been full of bad luck and ill-health.

She returned to Britain for come-back No. 2—the lead in Benn Levy's play *Cupid and Psyche*. It died on the road before reaching London.

Peggy dreaded the return to films. Since the end of last year she has made *Who Goes There*, *Meet Mr. Lucifer* and *Street Corner*. Now she's busy at Pinewood in *Always a Bride*.

But Peggy is still not satisfied. "I would like to make a fourth come-back," she said. "I'm looking for a new play."

Next Change
at the
KING'S—EMPIRE—MAJESTIC

Anna Magnani

(The most impressive actress since GARBO—LIFE)

in
HER FIRST ALL ENGLISH
DRAMA

"VOLCANO"**STAR**

TO-DAY ONLY
AT 2.30, 5.00, 7.20 & 9.40 P.M.

CAROLINE CHERIE

WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES



Mar. 1, 5. She's Working Her Way Through College

2. M. Untamed Frontier
3. W. An American in Paris
4. F. Meal Time
5. P. —
6. S. —

EMPIRE

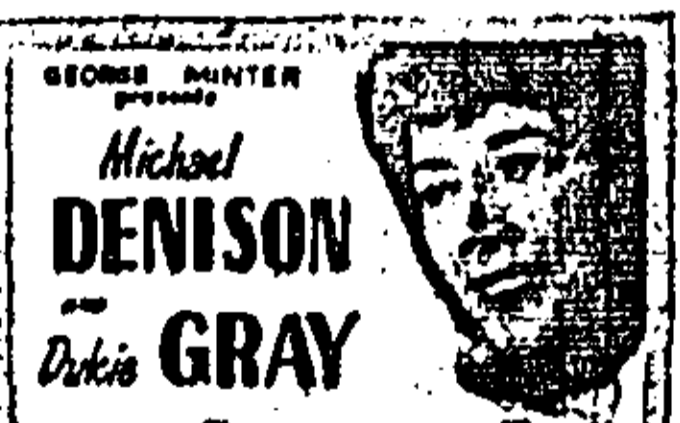
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Under the distinguished patronage of
H.E. the Governor,
Sir Alexander Grantham,
G.C.M.G.

and Lady Grantham



The GLASS MOUNTAIN
Valentina CORTESE
HENRY CAS
REX PICTURES



TUESDAY, 3rd MAR. 1953,
at 9.30 p.m.

MAJESTIC TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

AT 12.00 NOON

Dean MARTIN and Jerry LEWIS

in
"AT WAR WITH THE ARMY"

A Paramount Picture

AT REDUCED PRICES!
DRESS CIRCLE: \$1.50 STALLS: \$1.00

5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

Extra Performance

"PETER PAN"

Queen's
AT 11.30 A.M.

Princess
AT 11.15 A.M.

AT 2.30, 5.15,
7.20 & 9.30
P.M.

QUEEN'S PRINCESS

AT 2.30, 5.30,
7.30 & 9.30
P.M.

★ **SHOWING TO-DAY** ★

ADDED: Technicolor True-Life Adventure
"OLYMPIC ELK"

CAPITOL TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

RKO Radio Presents
LEX BARKER in
"TARZAN'S PERIL"
at 12.30 p.m.
ADMISSIONS: \$1.00, \$1.20, \$1.70

CAPITOL ALHAMBRA

TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

The EYFUL
of
EXCITEMENT

**ROXY & BROADWAY**

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

John Philip Sousa's GREATEST MUSICAL SHOW ON EARTH!
MARCHING ALONG



ADDED: Latest 20th Century-Fox Movietone News.
SEE! Darryl F. Zanuck, Susan Hayward and Marilyn Monroe Awarded Photoplay Honours. Ex-G.I. Girl Smiles and Speaks. Spring-Summer Fashions to Fit Your Budget. Champion Pooches in the Westminster Kennel Club Show.

ROXY & BROADWAY: To-morrow 5 Shows of
"MARCHING ALONG"
Extra Performance At 12 Noon

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



AIR ace Squadron Leader Neville Duke, his wife (left) and sister Peggy outside Buckingham Palace after an investiture at which the Queen made him an Officer of the Order of the British Empire. (Express)

RIGHT: Bikini-clad ice skating star Daphne Walker, with her favourite luck charms in the shape of elephants — all sizes and made of different materials. She is the Principal Boy in "Sleeping Beauty On Ice" at Wembley. (Reuterphoto)



MR Winthrop Aldrich, new United States Ambassador to London, is seen here with his wife when he met her at Waterloo Station. (Express)



IN London for the French Film Festival are two of France's most famous stars — Simone Signoret (centre) and Yves Montand, her husband — and one of the most promising younger players, 24-year-old Daniele Godet. (Express)



EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD King Hussein of Jordan (centre), who has completed his Sandhurst course, is seen talking to the Jordan Ambassador and his wife, Fawzi Mulki, at a party given at the Hyde Park Hotel for the Jordan Finance Delegation. (Express)



LEFT: In dark suit is the leader of a group of four Russian students visiting English universities. He is here having tea with the National Union of Students in London. He caused some surprise when he said that although Russian judges are usually lawyers, there are also people's judges elected by the people and who know no law. He, in turn, was taken aback to learn that there were no political indoctrination courses in English universities. (Express)



A scene at the Ilford (Essex) People's Dispensary for Sick Animals, showing animals rescued from the flooded Canvey Island district being cared for while awaiting their owners to claim them. (Express)

RIGHT: Lorna Cornell, 20-year-old London fashion model and former Wimbledon junior tennis champion, and Peter Cawthorn, Australian player, leaving Kensington register office after their marriage. (Express)

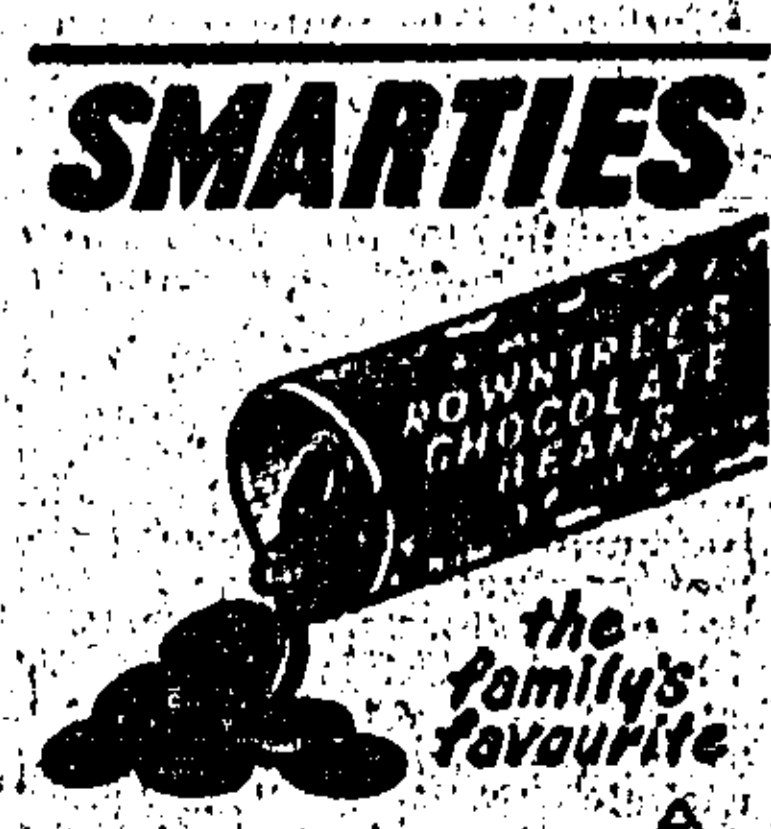
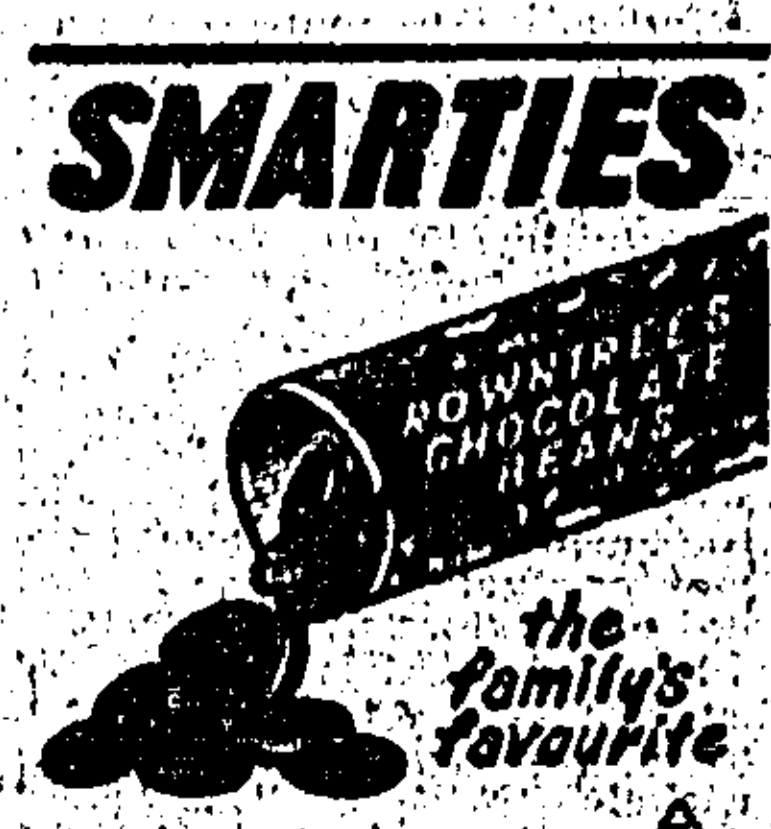


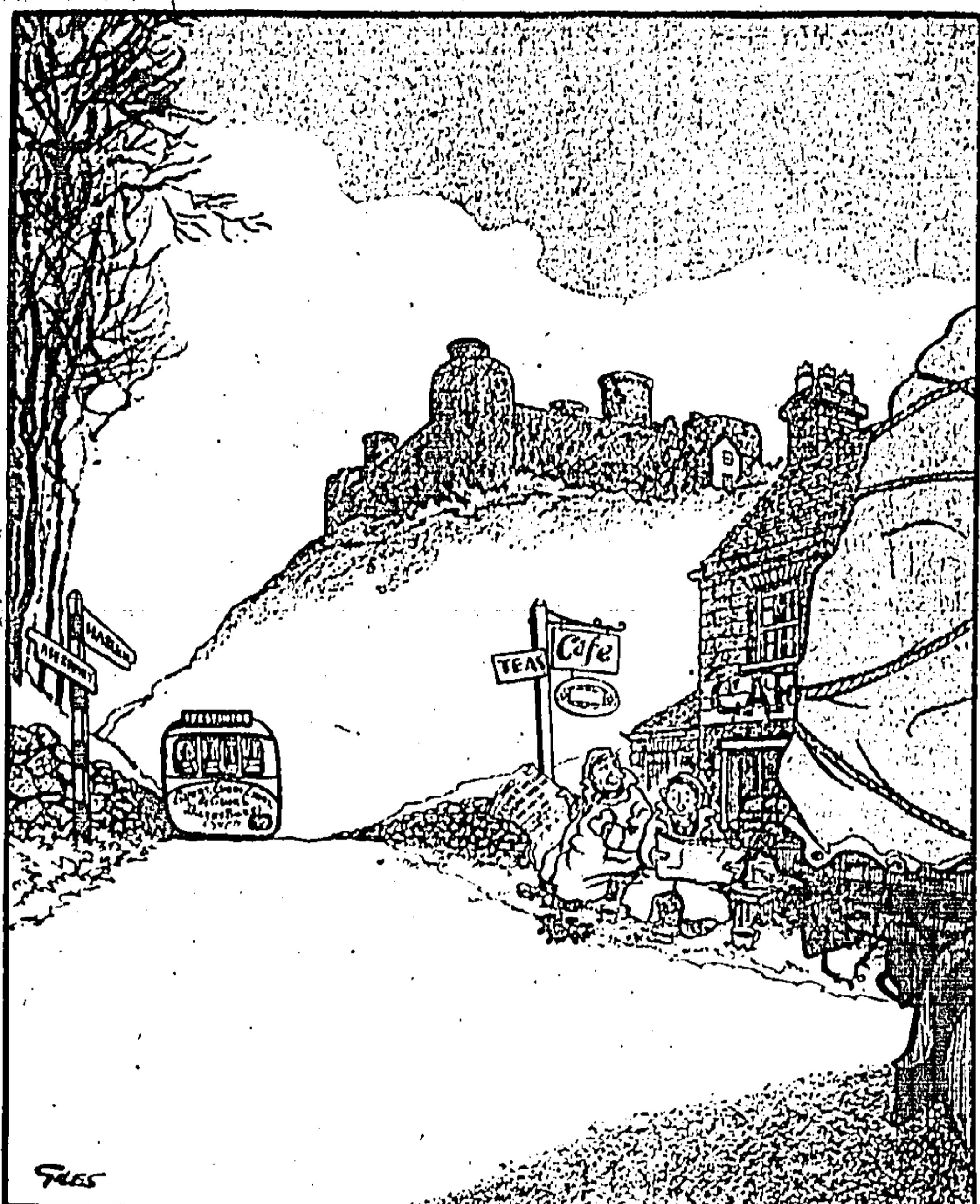
A reception was held at the French Embassy in London recently in honour of fashion designer Christian Dior (second from right). In middle is the Ambassador's wife, Mme Massigli, and on the left Mr Edward Hulton, millionaire publisher. (Express)

NANCY

The Idea!!

By Ernie Bushmiller





"Taffy, it don't make no sense ter me—why the 'eck ain't the Welsh wantin' ter speak Hinglish like the rest on us?" London Express Service

Brrh! Here I go off to the Arctic

Manby, Lines, Friday. I view of the awful winter we are having at home and the imminent approach of another ice age I thought it would be a good idea to take a course in Arctic Survival.

Ever heard of it before? It's all the rage now in the armed forces. The Americans have a school of Arctic Survival in Alaska. The Royal Canadian Air Force has another outside Edmonton, and I expect the Russians have dozens more in Siberia.

The Services are interested in it because they think the North Pole is going to be a no-man's-land in the next war. Do you remember that R.A.F. plane that came down on the Greenland ice-cap last summer? It was because the crew had been briefed on Arctic Survival that they came through alive. So here I am with a party of R.A.F. wing-commanders and squadron-leaders getting ready to set off by air for the igloo country.

MAGIC FUR

HALF of them are going to survive in Alaska (or so they hope) and the other half in Canada. I have chosen Canada myself. If I fall the course I shall at least leave my bones in the Empire and not on some foreign snowfield.

The R.A.F. flying college at Manby is one of the centres of Arctic Survival lore in England because it is from here that so many R.A.F. flights start off for Greenland, the Pole, and similar northern resorts.

It is also about the only place in Britain where you can walk into the quartermaster's clothing store and sign for a pair of mukluks. These are a form of Eskimo boot and you get £15 knocked off your pay if you lose them (or eat them). You can also draw, as I did, a parka lined with the fur of the Canadian glutton or wolverine. Glutton fur has magical properties. When you breathe on it at 40 below zero it doesn't turn to solid ice as other furs do.

REMEMBER

YESTERDAY we had to attend a preliminary lecture on survival. That was in case we come down in the snow on the way to our Arctic schools. The squadron-leader who gave us the lecture was himself a graduate of the Alaskan school.

"Don't forget," he said, "that igloos are out. You need a special kind of snow for them and if you use the wrong sort you might freeze to death before you get the roof on. So no more igloos, please boys." He also told us that the international SOS in the frozen north was three fires in a triangle. By day you make them smoke and by night blaze. If you haven't got anything to light a fire with you give three blasts on a whistle.

As if it were not cold enough here—

by
BERNARD WICKSTEED

Other items of intelligence that I noticed at this lecture were:

ALWAYS take your boots or your mukluks to bed with you. It helps to dry them.

WHEN your fingers get frost-bitten you put them under your armpits. When it's your toes that are bitten you put them under someone else's armpits (if he'll let you).

AT 20 degrees below zero and under you can dry your socks by hanging them out in freeze and then beating the ice out.

IT'S more important to keep warm than to eat. You can live for five days without food, but you can die in a few hours from the cold.

A HOLE in the snow is warmer than the inside of a crashed aircraft.

AN EXCLUSIVE DIET of rabbit doesn't keep body and

soul together. There are plenty of rabbits in part of the Arctic, but something is lacking in their flesh, and if you eat nothing else you weaken and die.

IT TAKES three times as long to do anything in extreme cold as in normal temperatures. YOU CAN'T exist indefinitely in the Arctic on body heat alone. You must have some sort of a fire some of the time.

By the time the squadron-leader had finished his lecture I thought I had got double pneumonia. I just listening to him, but a doctor who was in attendance said I hadn't, so I was unable to back out.

Our equipment for this flight includes 1,700lb. of survival kit for use in emergency. We have three shotguns, three rifles, ten axes, and 12 huge knives that can be used for cutting snow or skinning polar bears.

We have shovels, alpenstocks, nylon ropes for pulling people out of crevasses, stoves, snow kettles, a pressure cooker, and enough food to last the 10 of us a week.

SEEMS SILLY

WE also have sleeping-bags, a mountain of blankets five feet high, rubber suits that you put on and blow up if you fall in the water, fishing tackle, rabbit snares, and an entire packing case of spare socks.

The only thing about the whole expedition that seems silly to me is that we have to go to Canada and Alaska to learn how to survive.

It's cold enough right here in Lincolnshire now.

(London Express Service)

MY WAY TO BEAT FLU

—don't get it!

By A DOCTOR

ME. I don't get flu. That's no ground for jealousy. I get almost everything except wooden legs. Why, then, don't I get flu? I have never thought that question over before.

Here am I, constantly exposed to infection, attacked, indeed, by larger doses of flu germs than most folks as an ordinary hazard of my calling.

It certainly isn't a case of small, frequent doses of the germs building up my defences.

A dose of mumps or whooping cough mostly guarantees you against another attack for the rest of your life, but flu doesn't work that way. It can catch up with you again in a few weeks.

Why don't I get it? I was wounded and in hospital for the 1918 epidemic. There were 23 in my ward. Twenty-two of us were gagging and nasal-douching like feeding time on the farm. I just did nothing, for some reason that has now escaped me.

But I do remember that I didn't get the flu and all the others did.

No bogey

THERE'S a lesson there, you know. I didn't see the illness as a big black bogey. It has to do with one's spiritual make-up to some extent, I think.

My Dr Jekyll beats my Mr Hyde every time about flu and, after all, everybody has a bit of Dr J. and a portion of Mr H. in his or her ingredients.

You have to guard against the said Mr H. He pushes lots of citizens into divers illnesses, including flu. This is how he works as you travel home—

Jekyll (mark the doubt and the trivial nature of the suggestion): "I think I am getting a bit of a cold."

Hyde (triumphant): "That's flu. Lots of people selecting pneumonia with it. You won't be back in town for a month."

And your wife opens the door to a shivering wrath with a pain in his back and all the trimmings.

But Hyde helped to put these trimmings there. What with the cold war and cold cement grub, you were depressed anyway. Then Hyde pointed out

more butter on my bread. My system is telling me that it needs extra oils.

Now I just can't afford evitable illness. I am strictly a one-man business, and no leech can do my work for me. And I get colds. Okay. I swing into action with everything I've got, swatting each separate symptom with sledgehammer blows.

It isn't that my Mr Hyde frightens me—rather that Dr Jekyll is resolute.

Shivering? I'll have hot drinks and warm up. If necessary, with a hot bath, hot water bottle and blankets for sheets.

Sweating? I'll have a good rub down, and change my pyjamas. If I let the sweat stay on my skin I might reabsorb some.

Nose running? I believe that's part of my body's defence. I wipe it, but no blowing.

Head and/or backache? There's nothing to touch dear old aspirin.

Jekyll (shivering slightly): "No, but I think I'm getting a headache."

Hyde (triumphant): "That's flu. Lots of people selecting pneumonia with it. You won't be back in town for a month."

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So what?

MIND you, flu germs aren't what they were. In 1918 they stormed through Europe leaving 10,000,000 dead in their trail. This isn't that sort of flu.

But you may be miserable and in bed with flu as you read this. Cheer up. It will be over quite soon. Don't bother the doctor more than you must. You'll have your nose back on the grindstone within a week.

Sad to say so, but you will then observe that the story of your illness is too common to rate sympathy in the office or even a kindly half pint in the canteen.

I can tell you, though, what a helpful Dr Jekyll would say to you. If Hyde did not get in the way. It would not be a dead loss either. He would say: "So you've had flu. So what?"

Dis, I wouldn't say I batted about that. But, wait a minute, I find myself wanting kippers for breakfast, eating snibbety bits of fat and taking

Why not wear clothes reasonably? That's only common sense, I reckon.

Dis, I wouldn't say I batted about that. But, wait a minute, I find myself wanting kippers for breakfast, eating snibbety bits of fat and taking

THE LAST THOUSAND FEET'S THE WORST

By J. W. Taylor

THOSE who tread the last thousand feet of Everest tread the physical limits of the world.

Thus wrote the late Frank Smythe after the 1933 British attack on Everest, the highest mountain in the world, had failed at 28,000 feet. The limit of human endurance had before him also been reached at that height by Norton, Mallory and Irvine in 1924, again in 1933 by Wager and Wyn Harris, and

by Tensing and Lambert last year.

What of the party of gallant adventurers who recently left on the eighth British challenge to the peak? One of the last great adventures still left to man? They are not unkindly of the view of the recently unsuccessful Swiss expedition, which got to within 150 feet of success, that "whoever eventually climbs right to the top of Everest will owe it to a miracle. Everest cannot yet be conquered until the proper development of devices to enable the climbers to hold out against the storms has taken place."

Pipe-smoking Colonel John Hunt, of Kington, near Shrewsbury, leader of our Coronation Year challenge to the peak by the British Mount Everest Expedition—mainly a party of mountaineers sponsored by the Royal Geographical Society and the Alpine Club—revealed to listeners in a BBC broadcast on the eve of his departure the same awareness as Smythe of these last thousand feet.

Commenting on the fact that only this last height of Everest remains untrodden, Col. Hunt said there were three main problems to the solution of the summit: 1—to be ready to seize the first weather opportunity by being in a position at 22,000 feet up, accustomed to the height, and ready to launch the final move at the earliest likely moment (May 18) with gear already up; 2—to have enough climbers with equipment and food to take advantage of any fine period and engage in a series of final onslaughts; 3—either speed up the climbing of the last 8,000 feet, or so fortify the climber for continuing upwards at a slower speed without physical effect or being placed at the mercy of the weather. Both these latter could be achieved only by administering oxygen, and of this two, the Colonel preferred the first—speeding up.

Like the 1952 Swiss expedition which came so near to

success, Colonel Hunt will carry out the assault the British "Shipton Way," plotting the new route through the southern western approaches to mountain, as against the other hazards made from the north. But whatever the approach, Colonel Hunt still has to face the problem of altitude and weather, which have thus far kept inviolate the final pyramid.

Real trouble for the Everest climber, the Colonel told listeners, began above the height of 23,000 feet. Higher than this the effect on the climber's physique increases.

The last 8,000 feet, leading to above the established maximum height of successful acclimatisation, establishes great problems. They are not the problems of progress, and "rush tactics" must needs be tried, which, in reality, are painfully slow. Three camps will be necessary for this and at least four days of climbing, loads having to be carried to strategic points in staggered time efforts by others not destined to reach the top.

Regarding the all-decisive factor of weather, the Colonel showed that of our seven previous expeditions, only in 1924 did the weather and snow conditions coincidentally favour the climber. The height above and wears down the climber, and his need for shelter, warmth and food further spins out the period he requires to achieve his aim. Then the weather steps in to shorten the essential time he needs, or it may refuse to oblige at all.

In his unacclimatised and weakened condition he is far more a prey to wind and weather than climbers braving the local elements on ordinary peaks at home. The problem really starts much lower down than those—last 1,000 feet. It begins from the time the party first arrive in the area of the mountain and embark on a stiff and complicated programme of preparation.

CITY OF SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

New York. THE Latins in Manhattan are giving the New York authorities a bad attack of insomnia.

Revolutionary parties from almost every "banana republic" in Latin America have made their headquarters in the city and the problem is: who is plotting against whom?

Take one case. Five hundred Dominicans were to set off by special train for Washington to attend a demonstration in honour of General Rafael L. Trujillo, Dominican Ambassador-at-Large at the United Nations.

Then a whisper reached the police that the train was to be blown up by anti-Trujillo plotters. So at the busy Pennsylvania station the 500 junketeers were all "frisked" for weapons.

No weapons were found but said a police officer: "We haven't taken chances. These Latins are full of temperance."

WHEN Nico Charisse, 40, former husband of actress Cyd Charisse, married Rita Torres,

America Column
from
DONALD LUDLOW

22-year-old teacher at his school of dancing, 200 of their students danced round the newlyweds.

An altar was set up in the ballroom, and Miss Charisse's ten-year-old son Nicky was one of his father's two best men.

TROUBLE in prim-and-proper Boston—and, as you might guess, it is a matter of social protocol.

Two groups of dowagers tiffing furiously but refinedly over the right to decide the official list of debutantes. For years hopeful parents submitted the names of their daughters to the old stationery firm of M. T. Bird and Co., which passed judgment and published the list.

Recently 72 rebel matrons met at another stationer's and announced they were producing their own list. "Bird's list may be a tradition," they said, "but no one has a better right to

select the debutantes than we have."

AMERICA'S young women, not content with borrowing the cowboy's blue jeans for play clothes, are now taking the shirts-off the Englishman's back. Current rage is the "Rugby shirt," as designed and worn by British footballers.

It is being produced in six colours: navy, green, gold, red, white, and blue, and—shades of the serum—with stiff white collars!

THERE are anxious frowns on the faces of California sportsmen.

Powerful groups of business men backed by Protestant churches are putting their full weight behind a campaign to outlaw tote betting. If they succeed it will mean the end of horse-racing in the sunshine State.

BACK from Korea flow enthusiastic reports of the U.S. Army's "Cold War" suit, a plastic battle garment that keeps a man warm by his own steam.

The suit, of spongy material, is worn next to the skin and insulates the wearer against wet, wind, and cold by creating a vapour layer. It weighs less than 5lb.



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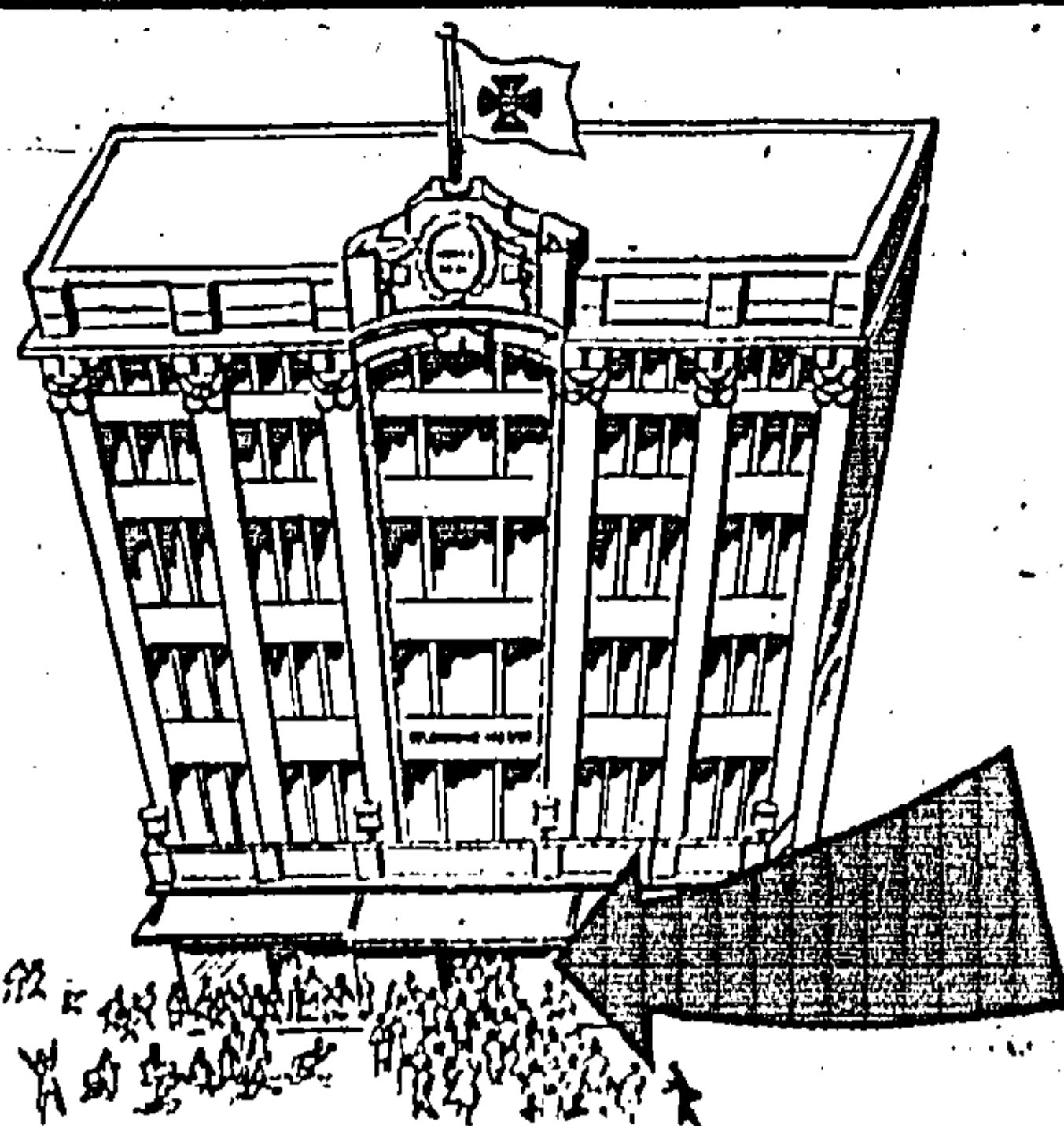
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ANOTHER EMPIRE JEWEL TO GO

— By —
JOHN GORDON

London. PAKISTAN, one of the two great States into which the continent of India was partitioned when we made the scuttle-out in 1947, is about to follow the lead of India, its neighbour State, and become an independent republic.

It is now a Dominion owing allegiance to the Crown.

So falls another jewel from our once glorious Empire. Upon whom must much of the blame be placed?

First Lord Mountbatten, last and worst of all the pre-consuls we ever sent to India. His misjudgments destroyed us.

He too-hastily divided a continent of jealous races to which we had brought the blessing of peace into two bitterly hostile States. Now their growlings never cease. Any day they may be at each other's throats.

How many lives Lord Mountbatten cost the continent because of the haste with which he imposed partition will probably never be known. Some estimates put the figure as high as a million.

The future may exact an even more terrible price.

Alongside Mountbatten as the architect of tragedy stands Sir Stafford Cripps.

Out of office, he warned us year after year that he had pledged himself to destroy the Empire.

In office, he applied himself relentlessly to the achievement of that end.

The Socialist Government, which ardently desired the partitioning of India—and especially its three top leaders, Attlee, Bevin, and Morrison—must also, of course, accept heavy responsibility for what has happened.

And the Tories of today's Government must carry their share of the blame.

For, in spite of her most urgent pleadings, we have consistently, even to this day, given Pakistan the impression that we favour India against her.

We even left her to turn to Japan for the tools for her development.

Is it surprising that she now says she has had enough of us? And yet rumour says that Earl Mountbatten may become a duke at the Coronation!

WHAT a cockeyed affair life has become since we lost our grand old quality of common sense.

Here we have Mr Frank Moll, a corn merchant in the little Norfolk village of Freehorpe, being ordered peremptorily to take down a clock on the front of his premises because it is 12ft. 6ins. above the ground. The "planner" have decided that 12ft. is the limit they will permit.

Just imagine how much money is being taken from our pockets every year to keep planner-rabbits lopping up and down the country on crazy nonsense like that.

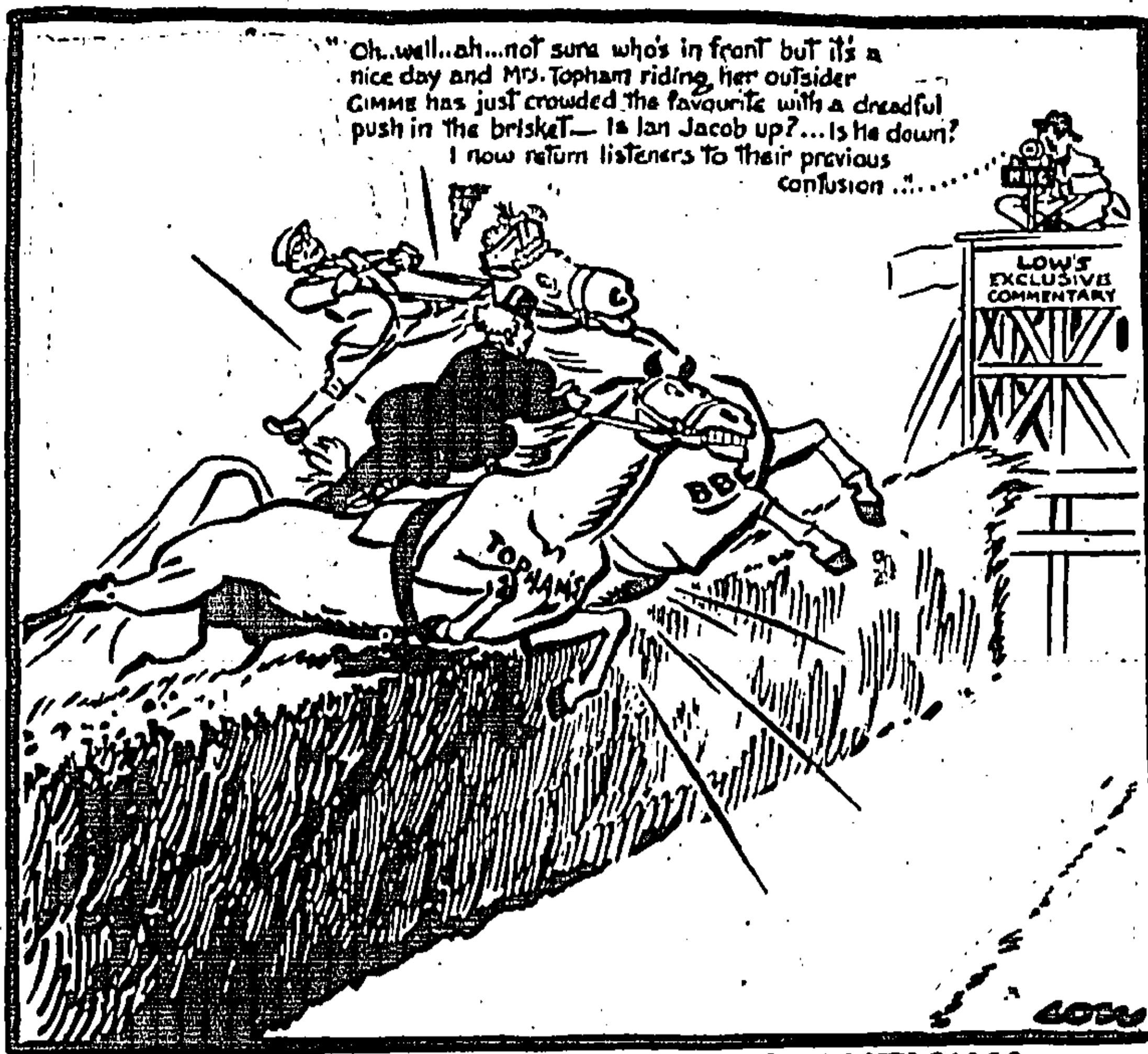
HOW terrible are the things the Welfare State does in our name! For example, that pathetic, shaming final chapter in the lives of Mr and Mrs Womers, England's oldest married couple.

Married 75 years, too old to look after each other, they are dumped into a State Hospital, and for the first time since their lives were joined, ruthlessly separated.

He lies in a men's ward, long for the wife who was always beside him. She lies in a women's ward, forbidden to see him except at regulation visiting hours.

Finally, he dies without the comfort and consolation of her presence in his last hours.

Bumblebees are complacently satisfied that such happenings are inevitable. But do you feel as happy about it?



REHEARSAL FOR THE GRAND NATIONAL

Laughter in the House

Mrs Braddock In An Opera Hat

By CECIL PORTER

London. SPECTATORS in the public gallery of the Commons were recently astonished to see Mrs Beattie Braddock, the bulky Member for Liverpool's Exchange Division, don a man's opera hat and, without rising, address the House as MPs were traversing the Chamber for a division.

She was following an ancient tradition. For MPs can only raise a "point of order" during a division by remaining seated and wearing a hat, so distinguishing them. The opera hat, kept handy in the Chamber, is a comparatively recent innovation. Previously, substitutes had done duty as head coverings.

One evening, a few years ago, Miss Jennie Lee's beret was tossed hastily from hand to hand as several Labour Members sought to raise points of order. And shapely "dorm" tribbles, rakishly worn bowlers, and even handkerchiefs and folded Order Papers, have been used until the collapsible opera hat was adopted in the interests of decorum.

There was no scramble 50 and more years ago when MPs wore topers in the Chamber. Members on hot days would sometimes place their hats on the benches. There was "loud laughter," it is recalled, when they were accidentally sat upon. In those days, Party orators, sweeping Britain clear of her enemies, succeeded, on occasion, only in sweeping off the topers of MPs in front of them.

TOPPERLESS

In 1885 there was prolonged laughter when Gladstone was caught topperless during a division. He had to borrow a neighbour's hat. It was several sizes too small. His famous dignity almost forsook him as he balanced it on his massive dome.

There is also levity, too, when some unwritten Commons taboo is broken. One day in 1947 a Socialist Member took out an orange and began to peel it. Mr Robert Boothby at once asked if this was in order. The speaker replied that, as it was out of order to chew gum and eat chocolate in the House, it was certainly out of order to consume an orange. Nevertheless, in the late eighteenth cen-

tury, oranges and nuts were freely eaten in the Chamber; at one time there was even said to be a hat full of oranges on the Table.

Again, there is a rule that bags should not be brought into the House. This is because, after tempers had risen dangerously high during the explosively Irish Home Rule agitation, there was a fear that some Irish Members might smuggle in weapons. Exhibits, however, are still admitted with discretion. Recently a Socialist Member, complaining about purchase tax, carried a selection of women's clothes into the Chamber.

Eggs, fish and fruit, however, are frowned on. Not long ago the Speaker reminded Members of "the possibilities of mischief in exhibits such as eggs."

Before the bag ban, an incident arose in 1878. Mr Delahunty, the MP for Waterford, had his travelling bag beside him as he rose to speak. He fished some notes out of the bag but, alas, they were the wrong ones. Surprised Members then saw him dump on the bench a soiled collar, a brush, a comb, a bottle of hairwash and a single stocking, before he extracted the right notes.

Still, eccentricities were expected of Irish Members; one of them once hung his umbrella on the Mace while taking the oath.

LIGHT RELIEF

No incident passes without provoking an answering sally. During all-night sittings, many Members sit dozing and some lie at full length on the benches beyond the Bar. Often some-one exhausted from a 24-hour working day emits a snore. Instantly an opponent will say: "No doubt the Hon. Member's constituents will be interested to hear how he is attending to his Parliamentary duties." Once Mr Quintin Hogg (now Lord Hailsham) advised Mr Leslie Hale (Lab. Oldham West) to "inhale rather than exhale."

Much discussion at Westminster though, turning on obscure points of law, is tedious and dull. So MPs invariably welcome light relief—even about mothers-in-law, kippers, Wigan and sausages.

Loud laughter greeted this query put to a former Food Minister by Mr Harry Crookshank, now Leader of the House: "How much milk powder can be put into a sausage before it ceases to be a sausage and becomes a cream bun?"

Some MPs have only to revert to their pet subjects to arouse badinage. Hundreds of times Mr Boothby has extolled the virtues of the Scottish herring. Each time he finds response. The sallies of Truce-Blue Sir Waldron Smithers, who was a Bolshevik under every bed, inevitably evoke Socialist laughter.

The House loves witty repartee, although its implications may be obscure to outsiders. Old Members recall with relish the retort made to Mr Lloyd George when he said of the present Lord Stansgate (then Mr Wedgwood Benn): "He reminds me of a pocket Moses dancing in front of the Ark." Back flashed: "At least I never worshipped the Golden Calf."

A MASTER

At 78, Mr Churchill is still a master of repartee. One day, as Leader of the Opposition, he was urging national economy when a Socialist Member shouted: "Sell your horse!" Winston replied: "I could sell him today for considerably more than I gave for him—but I am trying to rise above the profit motive."

When Mr Hugh Gaittsell, advocating fuel economy, made an incautious "don't bath too often" reference, Mr Churchill cracked: "No wonder he's in bad odour."

When Dr Edith Summerskill, Minister of National Insurance in the last Socialist Government, visited Egypt, a Tory Member wondered whether it would be one of the great landmarks in British relations with the Middle East. Observed Churchill drily: "The Pyramids will last longer!"

There is always laughter at a mild metaphor, although there are fewer of them now. I am sure the Irish Members have gone. One came from an Irish Member early in the century who said of the Irish Labourers' Bill: "If this Bill passes I see before the Irish labourers a future from which they have been for too many years kept out."

Then there was the Cornish MP who said: "Is this Government to be put into the melting-pot that we may see who is to take hold of the handle of the Ship of State?"

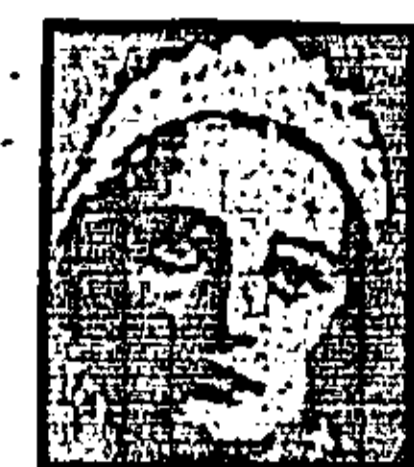
The Cornish MP may have been surprised at the mirth aroused amongst the Members, but at least the rest of the House found the tension of debate relieved.

By Frank Robbins

JOHNNY HAZARD



The SHADOW of ASTRID



THE STORY BEHIND A NATION'S CRISIS

WITHIN my lifetime I have seen great monarchies crash and disappear in the convulsive crisis.

But perhaps the most unlooked for royal story is what has happened to Belgium.

In that staunch and resolute democracy the monarchy has passed from a position of the greatest prestige and national affection to the unhappy and faltering plight it is in today. And all in the space of 19 years.

It is difficult for younger people to imagine with what admiration—veneration, almost—King Albert of the Belgians was regarded by the world in the first world war.

A man of high repute and indomitable courage, his tall figure, always in uniform, topped by a tin hat, became a symbol of resistance.

After that war Albert's prestige became, if anything, higher. For in the ferment of a reshaping Europe he had to face tasks just as demanding, in their way, as those of the war.

With wisdom, tact and courage, King Albert met these problems, and secured Belgium back to prosperity and inner harmony.

Captivating boy

INTO this pleasing picture there entered a new and charming personality, Albert's eldest son, Leopold. Leopold was hailed, in his teens, by a contemporary British writer as "not only Europe's handsomest royal boy, but prepossessing in the best sense of the word."

The youth, Blue-eyed, had an engaging touch of diffidence about him. It looked as if he would follow his father's footsteps irreproachably, and the Belgians, inspecting him with a penetrating eye, were captivated by their prince. As the last touch of perfection, Leopold made a completely story-book marriage.

In 1920 he married Sweden's Princess Astrid. It was clearly a love match—and no man could blame him, for Astrid was ravishing. She had great beauty. Her eyes had a gentle, charming expression, and her demeanour was a rarely seen blend of friendliness and grace.

In both Sweden and Belgium enthusiasm was intense. Soon there were the babies—Crown Prince Baudouin, his elder sister and younger brother. Nothing it seemed, could mar the happiness of this handsome, youthful pair.

Then, abruptly, the shadows began to lengthen. To escape occasionally from the affairs of State, King Albert loved to go on mountain climbing (he was an expert, accompanied by a solitary aide).

One day, in February 1934, from a small police station in the high Ardennes, the news flashed to the world that the king was dead—fallen from a precipice.

When a few days later, the 33-year-old Leopold knelt in the old Cathedral Church of Sainte Gudule, in Brussels, at his father's funeral service, he looked shocked and saddened.

Astrid's death

NOBODY could have guessed that little more than 18 months later he would be kneeling there again, in similar circumstances, overwhelmed by a truly monstrous stroke of fate.

But in August 1935, Leopold and Astrid went on a motoring holiday in Switzerland, the king at the wheel. One afternoon, not far from Lucerne, a passing motorist found the king standing

dazed with horror at the roadside. Near him was the car, smashed against a tree. At his feet lay Astrid—dead.

Did that appalling tragedy wreck and bedevil the whole of his subsequent career?

The following year Europe stirred uneasily. Leopold, in a speech, made it clear that Belgium would be strictly neutral in face of the growing Hitler menace. "We must aim at being outside the quarrels of our neighbours," he declared.

This policy statement was rejection, on the national scale, of his own personal behaviour after Astrid's death. He had shut himself up in the royal palace at Laeken, near Brussels, and was living an almost hermit-like life.

If Astrid had lived—would Belgium have been guided along the sombre path she took? The year 1940 showed the dreadful fallacy of neutrality. In a few agonising days Belgian resistance was crushed and Leopold surrendered. His decision, and subsequent wartime behaviour, aroused furious controversy, and will exercise historians down the years.

Second wife

THE next event in Leopold's life—his marriage to a commoner, Marie-Lilliane Baels, in the autumn of 1941, earned practically nothing but profound condemnation among Belgians of all classes and parties.

The Countess de Rethy, as she was created by Leopold, was vivacious and sparkling. But she made few friends among the people. They remembered Astrid, even if the king did not. And there were whispers that the Countess de Rethy was the occupying Germans.

The war ended and now came the prolonged and embarrassing wrangle between the king, in Switzerland, and his people. The problem: Was he to be allowed to go home or not?

At last the matter was patched up. Leopold went back, abdicated, and his elder son, pale, bespectacled Baudouin, ascended the throne.

Things were never quite the same. An uneasiness clutched Belgium. People spoke wistfully of the old days; of Albert—and always of Astrid. Ah, if only she had lived! How often one heard the words from Belgian friends.

Gradually the feeling grew that Baudouin, who lacks the looks and glamour of his father and grandfather, was not exactly his own master—was being told what to do by his father. Or by his stepmother? For undoubtedly the Countess de Rethy has great influence in the Palace of Laeken.

Present crisis

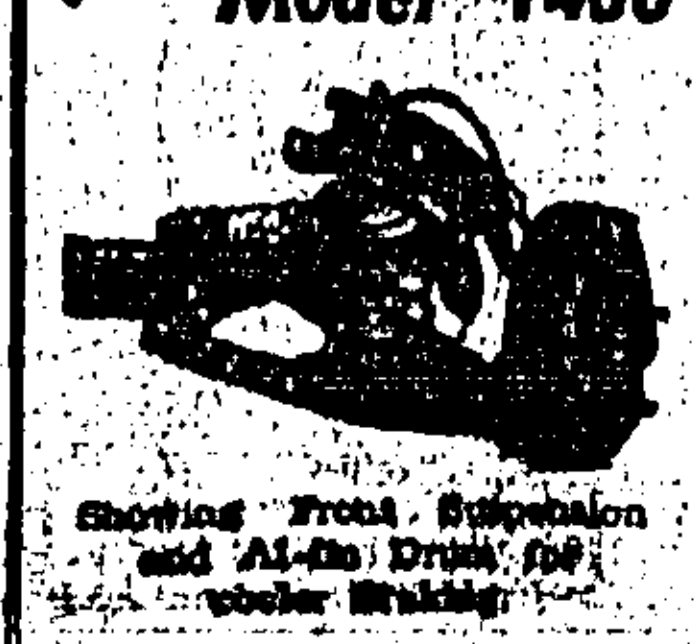
LAST year came the distressing episode when Baudouin did not go to London for King George VI's funeral service. There were more whispers. Leopold, it was said, was nursing resentment over British criticism of his role during the war.

Now comes what appears to be the disasterly coronation of Baudouin, the king, off-again royal tour of Belgium, flooded areas, while pictures are shown in the Belgian newspapers of the Countess de Rethy having a wonderful time in Riviera sunshine.

The present crisis is a serious and unhappy business—something which friends of Belgium hate to see.

It is made the more melancholy by the haunting thought:—If on that sunny afternoon in 1935 Leopold had not taken his eye off the road, for a momentary glance at his map, would all the subsequent tragedy have been avoided?

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★ ★ ★

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

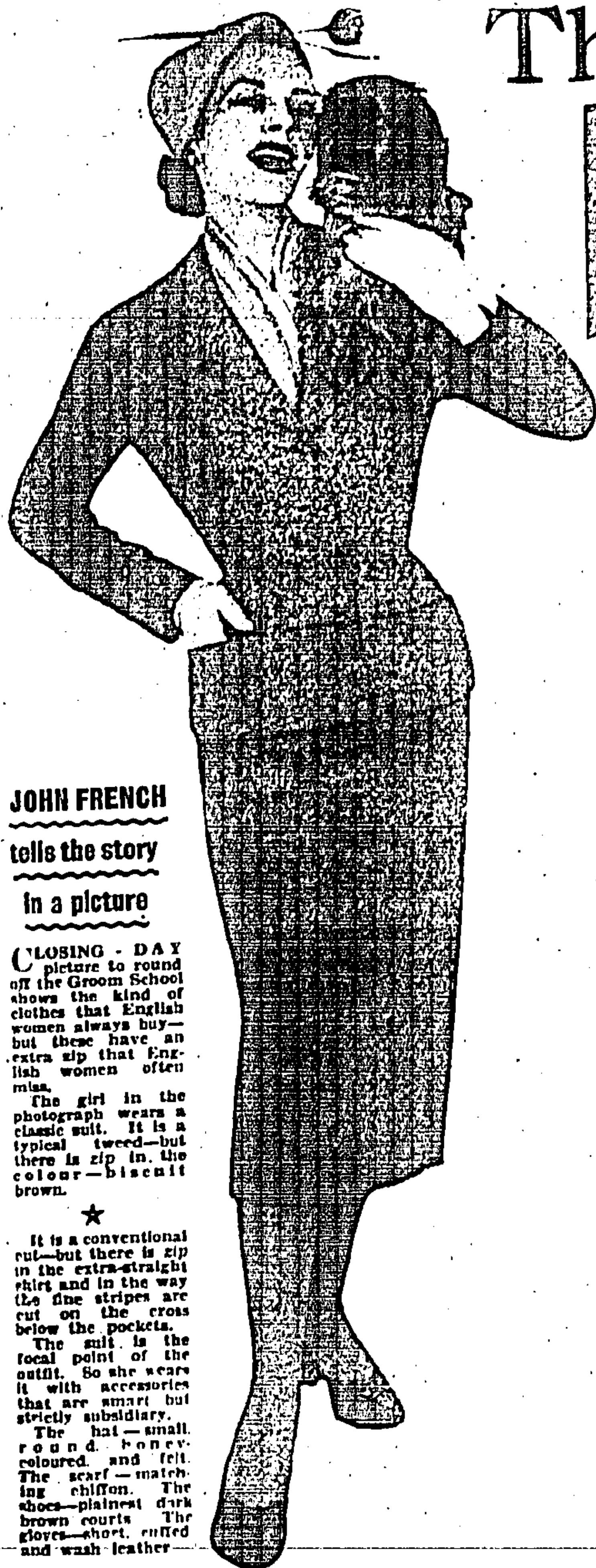
★ ★ ★

GROOM SCHOOL SUMS UP

The four paths that



lead to elegance



JOHN FRENCH
tells the story
in a picture

CLOSING - DAY
off the Groom School
shows the kind of
clothes that English
women always buy—
but these have an
extra zip that Eng-
lish women often
miss.
The girl in the
photograph wears a
classic suit. It is a
typical trend—but
there is zip in the
colour—biscuit
brown.

It is a conventional
cut—but there is zip
in the extra-straight
skirt and in the way
the fine stripes are
cut on the cross
below the pockets.
The suit is the
focal point of the
outfit. So she wears
it with accessories
that are smart but
strictly subsidiary.
The hat—small,
round, honey-
coloured and felt.
The scarf—match-
ing the chignon. The
shoes—plainest dark
brown courts. The
gloves—short, fitted
and wash leather.

TREAT FUR COATS
WITH CARE

By ELEANOR ROSS

AT the first cold snap out
come all the fur coats—
new, last year's or what
some women refer to as
"heirloom jobs." Then, too,
a fur coat is THE big gift,
and many a woman is
studying the ads and
leaving them strategically
placed for the man of the
house to see.

Fur is beautiful, flatter-
ing, fascinating and
functional as well, that is,
if it is good fur. Talk to
an honest furrier and he
will tell you that he would
rather see a customer select
the finest let-out muskrat
than poor mink, better a
superb squirrel than a poor
Persian lamb.

For Long Service

After that fur coat is
home, treat it well and with
care, have it properly ser-
viced and it should give
long and good service. Some
furs, of course, require
especially careful handling
because of the delicacy of
the leather, or the pelt it-
self.

But whatever the type
or quality of the fur, do not
stroke it. Instead, give the
garment a vigorous shak-
ing, holding the bottom up.
After a good shaking and,
if need be, an airing, the
garment should be placed
on a hanger. Hang fur
pieces and scarfs by their
metal or bone clasps.

When seated, a woman
should open her fur coat

and pull it up slightly to
avoid any strain on the back
seams. It is wise not to
remain seated with a fur
coat on for any length of
time.

Women car drivers must
treat their fur coats with
extra care. If a long trip is
in prospect, it is a wise
move to wear a fabric coat
in the car and make the
change at the end of the
journey into one's fur coat.

If wearing a fur coat
while driving, avoid sliding
into the car from the other
side, as friction between fur
and car upholstery is de-
trimental to the fur,
especially to a fine pelt.
Often the entire back and
seat of the fur will suffer.

If a fur coat has been ex-
posed to a heavy downpour, so
much so that the leather
becomes wet, don't try any
homemade measures. Hasten
the coat off to your furrier
and his professional care will
be able to prevent any damage re-
sulting from the moisture.

ALL the lessons of
elegance that go
into the grooming
of the well-dressed
Englishwoman are summed
up today.

With the Groom Course
flashback pictures above to
remind you, let us consider . . .

HER FACE

THE Englishwoman's capital
is her complexion. It is
better than anyone else's be-
cause it is clearer, cleaner, and
cooler.

And the minimum amount of
money invested in beauty pre-
parations will keep it that way.

Plan your make-up to suit your
colouring, and then plan your
clothes to suit both.
If you look your best in light
colours—and many English-
women do—then try to find
some original tones; aqua
marine instead of powder blue;
shocking pink instead of straw-
berry pink.

HER HAIR

ENGLISH hair is generally
pretty, but it does not get
so much care as it needs.

The best care is regular
washing, plus occasional recon-
ditioning treatment.

MOUSE is the typical Eng-
lish colour, but it is often pre-
tily, so don't try to change it.
Hair will sparkle so long as
it is clean and healthy.

Most experts agree that the
easiest style to look after
yourself is either very short
(for coarse hair) or a
longish bob with curly ends
(for fine hair).

HER DRESS

IN her figure the English-
woman is one up on the
Continental woman, but oh,
she is so many down on dress
sense.

According to the experts she
is a little too cautious about
trying new fashions—too slap-
happy about buying acces-
sories.

So don't spoil the cut of your
clothes with odd bits and pieces
—it is probably smarter as well
as cheaper NOT to buy that ex-
tra scarf, those bangles, or
wide shoes.

Play up to the soft English
colouring with soft dress
shades. But try a sharp con-
trast when wearing dark
clothes—it is much smarter
than all matching.

Finally, you don't have to
choose between being smart or
sensible—you can be both.

HER HAT

THE Englishwoman's attitude
to her hats crystallises
most of her dress faults.

She wants her hat to be
pretty—rather than chic. She
wants it practical instead of
gay. She would rather it was
comfy—than glamorous.

"Movie Stunt" To
Help Handicapped

Champaign, Ill.
Two University of Illinois
teachers are using a school-
boy "movie" stunt to help
persons who have speech
difficulties.

Prof. James C. Kelly and
L. V. Peterson put together
a 20-page book about four
by five inches in size with a
picture on each page. The
picture shows the same
face, but with the mouth
changed progressively as in
saying some phrase such as
"we saw the show," or
"thank you very much."

When the pages are
flipped, the lips seem to
move to form the words.

The two educators also
have come up with a cheap,
hand-held "peep show"
movie that uses a viewer
made commercially for

eight-mm. films. Each film
shows a boy speaking a
phrase and a girl repeating
it.

The viewer can be crank-
ed at any speed, stopped or
backed up easily.

Kelly tried the device
with a group of 19 hard of
hearing children. Nine who
were poorest at lip reading
used the new hand movie;
the others were given les-
sons by conventional
methods. After half-hour
daily lessons for five weeks,
the nine showed definite,
and some spectacular, im-
provement, while the others
showed little gain.

Kelly says the flip book,
yet to be evaluated, seems
to have the same teaching
values as the film.—United
Press.



CUTTING YOUR LOSSES

By Hazel Meyrick

London.
WHILE Paris is busy signposting the
direction fashion will take, it's a good
time to take a rest from haute couture
and look at yourself in the mirror. Try
turning your losses into profits, for a
change by making the best of your bad
features, instead of your good ones.

However much they may grumble,
lucky are the owners of mouse-coloured
hair. While blondes and brunettes must
dye to change their colour, the mousy-
haired can switch their tint to match
their clothes by using hair rinses.

Chestnut one day, marmalade-coloured
the next, their hair wardrobe knows no
limits. Steiner, that keen exponent of
the hair rinse, even includes shades like
strawberry and lavender in his collection.
To give mousy hair the Midas touch, have
it styled in a poodle cut, then brush over
the tips with a bleach to give them a
golden glint.

It used to be the rule to hide greying
hair by dyeing it. Now with every cul-
tivating blonde streaks it's more
fashionable to go one better and highlight
grey patches by giving them a blue rinse
—or even a pink one.

It is high time somebody told red-heads
they need not stay wedded to green and brown.
Autumn looks wonderful with red. Not maroon
or scarlet, but the flaming tomato red shown for
travel coats at the London collections.

Red hair goes with pink too, but choose
soft rose-pink, not the colour of tinned salmon.
Titian-heads should never mix their metals.
Copper-coloured bracelets and brooches go best
with copper-coloured hair.

"Large, capable hands" is a phrase guaran-
teed to make their possessor winco. But if
you're blessed with big hands, feature them.
Only you can wear those crazy cracker rings—
giant chunks of frankly fake diamond, that look
top-heavy on spindly fingers. Large hands can
take more than just a wedding-ring, so make
rings your favourite form of jewellery and
search for some unusual ones.

Large wrists love to wear chunky gilt
bracelets, slave bangles of beaten silver and
bunches of antique charms.

Outside ears? Lucky you, because they'll
take big ear-rings, giant hoops of pewter look-
ing like something from a Roman carnival, and
showers of rhinestones. Miniature gilt jugs
filled with perfume are the latest craze in Lon-
don, but they need large ears to carry their
weight. Best of all on big ears are Croco ear-
rings, plain wide circles of gold, worn
with a bright-coloured jelly-bag cap.

Owners of swan-like necks often feel
they're really more in common with giraffes,
can't find collars to fit them, and rely on
scarves to bridge the gap. But long necks are
the only ones, that comfortably take a low-
placed chignon or a hat that slips down at the
back.

For sky-scraper necks only are sweaters
with polo collars that submerge you almost to
the ears, wide velvet chokers, and stiff choir-boy
collars. The latest idea is to wear a dog collar
round your throat, complete with name-disc and
spikes!

If your feet are "number nines" like the il-
lustrated Clementine, you should indulge in ex-
travagant shoes. "Harem" slippers, for instance,
with curled toes and bells on them, or sandals
with spiky jewelled heels, and shoes with straps
over the instep that make smaller feet look
stunted. Big feet can stride out in two-colour
court shoes whose designs are wasted on smaller
sizes.

If your ankles can take their share of the
limelight, focus attention on them with fancy
heels and embroidered cloaks, and don't just
stick to shades of brown. Patience will reward
you with nylons in all colours of the rainbow.
For the Coronation, some British nylon firms are
even embroidering the ankles of their stockings
with jewelled crowns.

The penhouse hat has made its debut in
London. It looks like a blanchange mould, sits
straight on the head and over-shadows the ears.
It was devised by Ronald Peterson to go with
his Spring collection.

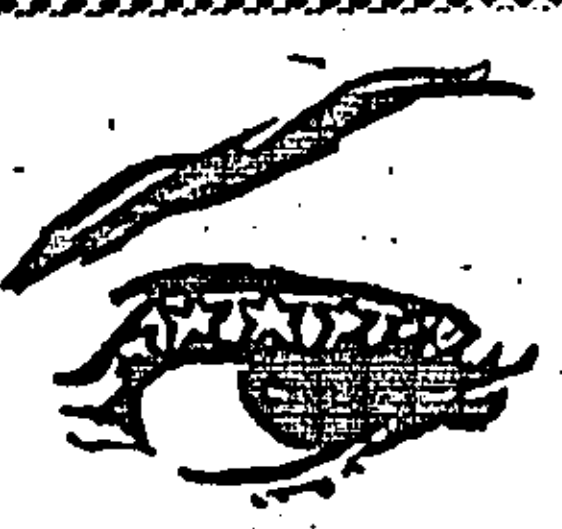
The penhouse hat can be made in straw
or felt, and your best friends won't know you
in it, for it practically covers your eyes. You
won't know your best friends either, you'll
spend your time looking down on the ground to
see where you're going.



LEFT: Purple hot-house leaves span a hair-
style by Steiner, and the model's hair has
been sprayed with misty lilac starmist, to
match.



RIGHT: Mouse goes well with mink, and
this culture by Steiner features a chignon
encircled by mink tails. The short frock
hair is dressed in a tidal wave, sprayed
with copper-leaf coloured starmist.



Eyecatcher

JUST one of the startling
news-in-fashion details
spotted by artist ROBB in
Italy. Robb was in Rome to
report, in words and pic-
tures, the spring fashion
shows.
The idea above? Quite
simple: Glittering sequin
stars, stuck on the eyelid!

(London Express Service)

Household Hints

Examine bath towels by
holding them up to a bright
light. If the light comes
through in uneven patches in-
stead of in even pin-points, the
towel is not well woven and
cannot be expected to wear
long. The heavier a towel, the
more absorbent it will be.

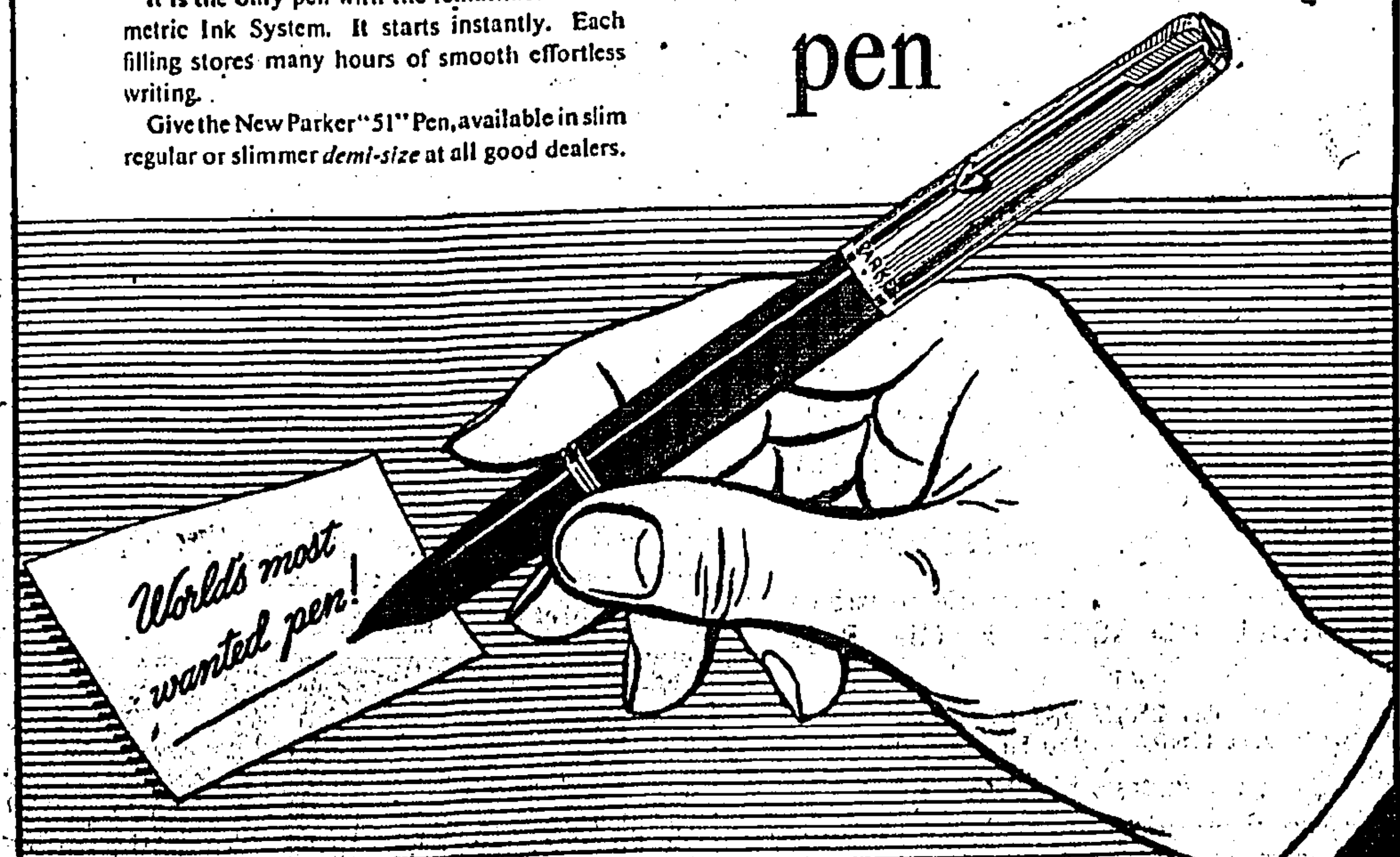
Steaming will add new lustre
to the surface of pile fabric
upholstery. Spread a damp
cloth over it and touch lightly
with a hot iron. A steaming
hot towel or cloth applied to
the upholstery surface also
helps restore life to it. Steam
several times at 10-minute in-
tervals, then brush with a
whisk broom while the upho-
lstery is still damp. When
thoroughly dry, brush the
fabric against the pile.

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metric Ink System. It starts instantly. Each
filling stores many hours of smooth effortless
writing.

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regular or slimmer demi-size at all good dealers.



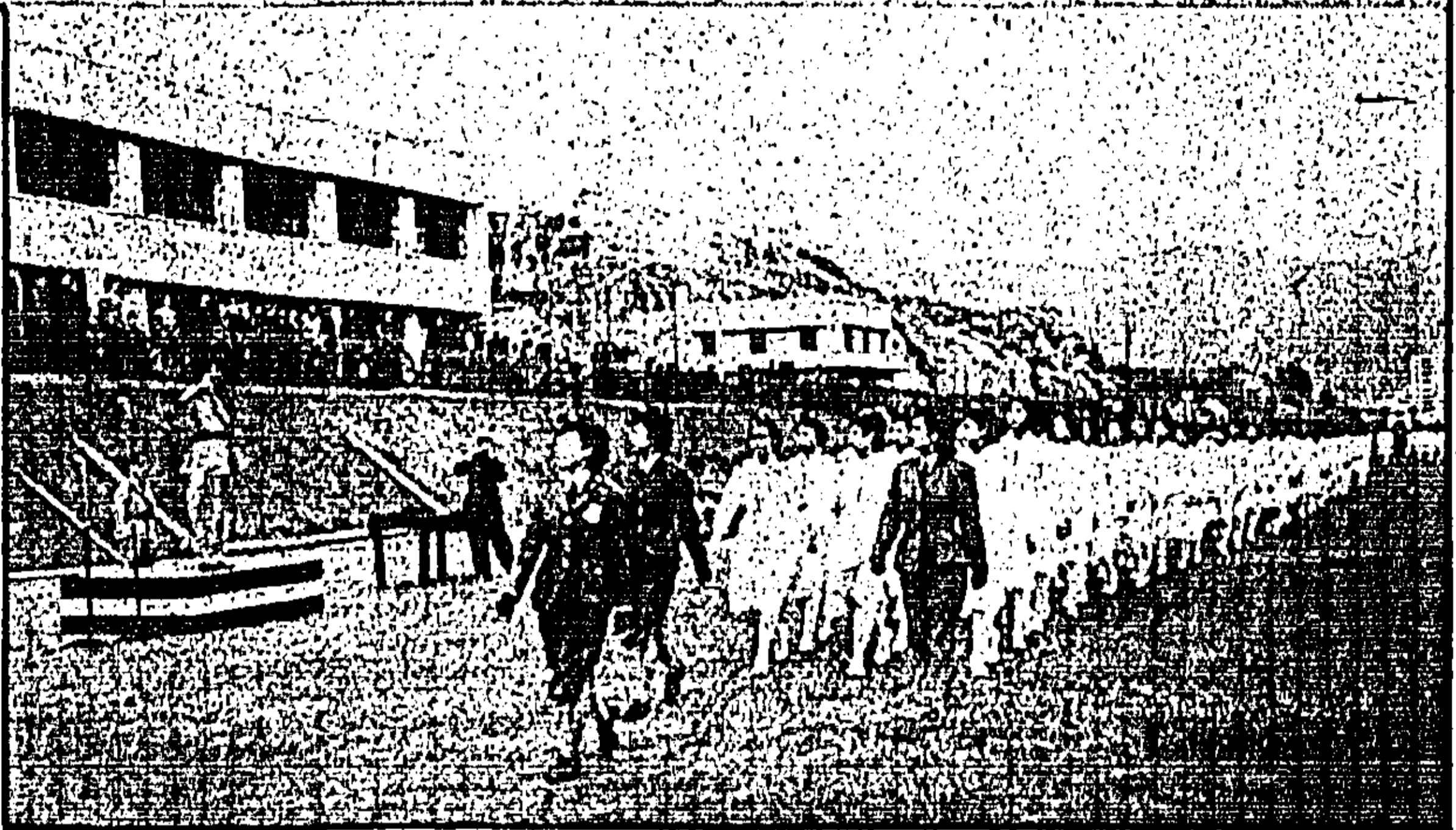
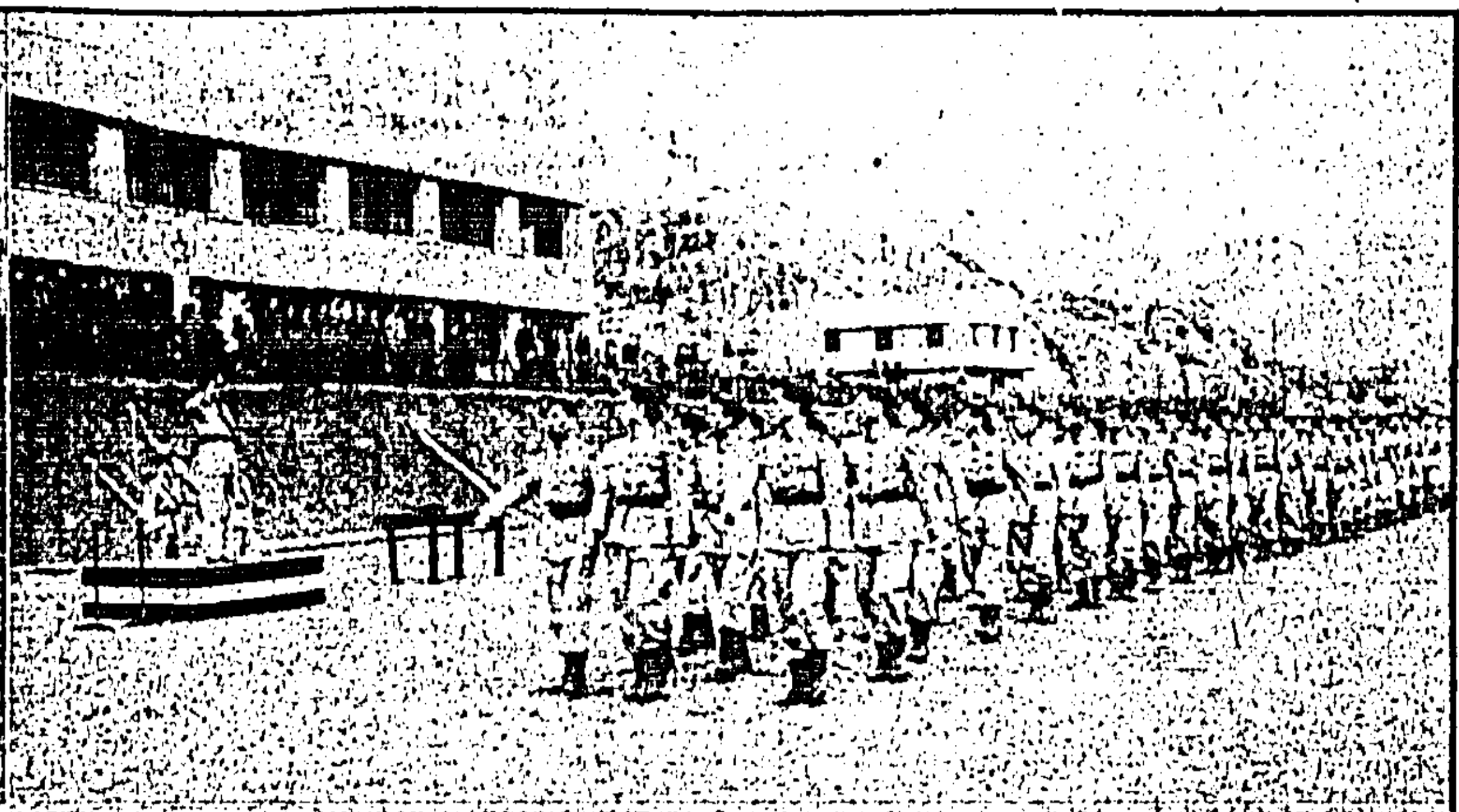
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Free GOLD CAP PEN HK28400 Sole Agents: SHIRIRO (CHINA) LIMITED, Ratten Building, Duddell Street
PEN REPAIR SERVICE at 3, NORTH ARCADE, ALEXANDRA HOUSE



MRS Mark Clark, wife of the United Nations Commander in Korea, who spent two days here this week as guest of His Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham, snapped at Kai Tak Airport on her arrival. With her are Mr Julian F. Harrington, U.S. Consul-General, and Col E. M. Blight, U.S. Military Liaison Officer. (Staff Photographer)



Mr D. W. MacIntosh, Commissioner of Police and concurrently Commissioner of the St John Ambulance Brigade (left), congratulating Mr L. Bones after awarding him a medal for long service. Mr Bones, a Serving Brother of the St John Order, is a member of the St John Council of Hongkong. (Staff Photographer)



TWO Kowloon contingents of the St John Ambulance Brigade marching past their Commissioner, Mr D. W. MacIntosh, during a parade held in the grounds of the King George V School last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



MRS H. G. Richards, wife of the Deputy Colonial Secretary, photographed in the Ping Chau Children's Library which she opened last Sunday. The library is the gift of the Hongkong Junior Chamber of Commerce, whose President, Mr A. de O. Santos, is on extreme right of picture. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Film star Cary Grant and his actress wife, Betsy Drake, chatting to Gunner Duffield, of 45 Field Regiment, RA, during their surprise visit to 33 General Hospital on Chinese New Year's Day. They spent four hours cheering up the men in hospital. (Army PRO)



FAMILY group taken at St John's Cathedral last Sunday following the christening of Juno Elizabeth, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs E. Ellison. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Miss Dorothy Lee, Principal Youth Welfare Officer (left), pictured after her talk on Hongkong street children at the YWCA on Tuesday. On the right is Mrs Parsons, Chairman of the English-speaking Department. (Staff Photographer)



DR Leo Marsh, Programme Secretary of the National Council of the YMCA of the United States, giving members of the Hongkong Y's Men's Club his impressions of his world tour. Dr Marsh was entertained to dinner by the Y's Men at the Bankers' Club. Y's Men's President, Mr Frank Kwok, is on the speaker's right. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Marshal Alphonse Juin inspecting the guard of honour on his arrival here last Tuesday. The Marshal is Inspector-General of French Armed Forces and NATO Central European C-in-C. (Staff Photographer)



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like the best
and there are none
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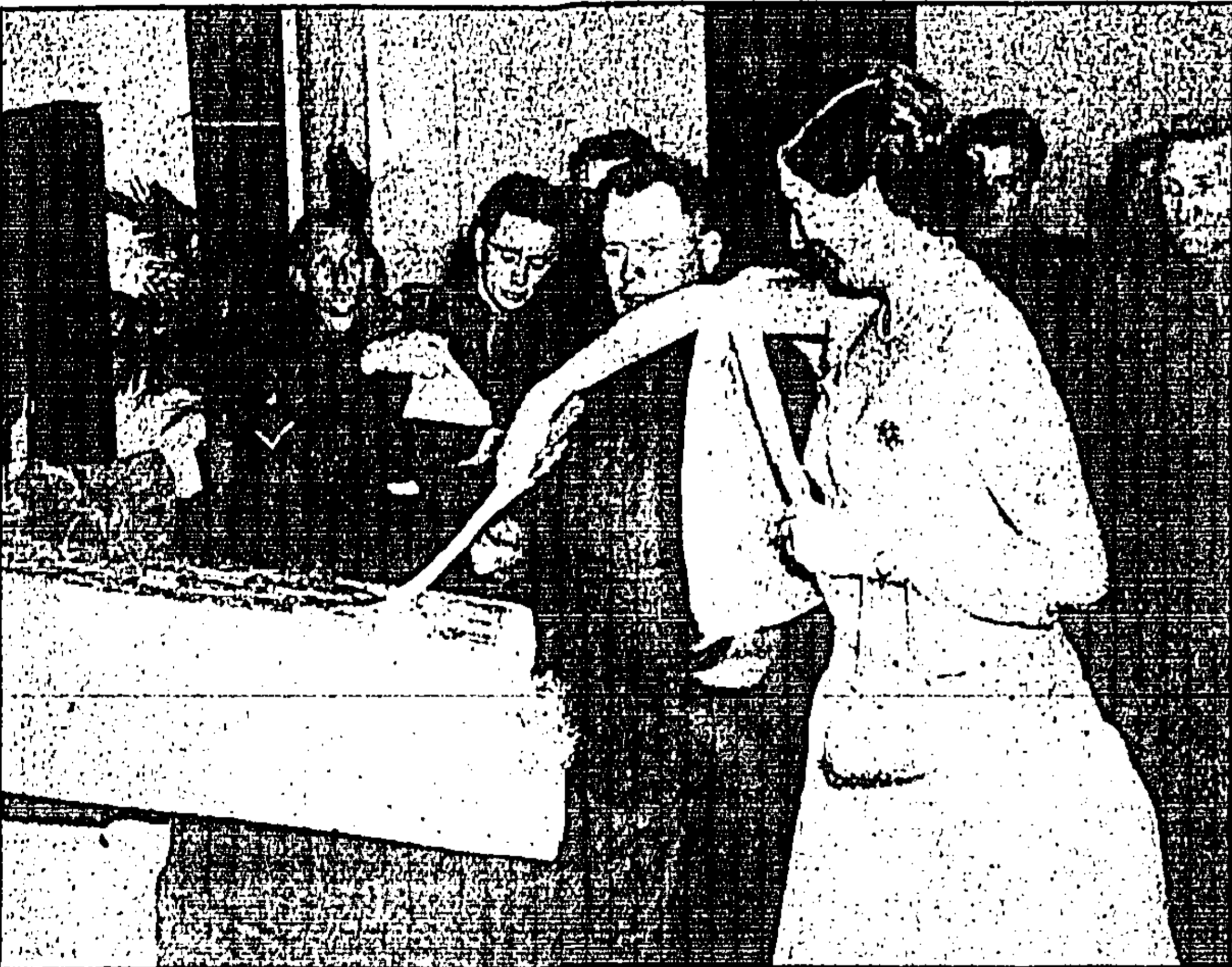
GILMAN'S



THE Royal Air Force "A" team, who were Services team champions and winners of the South China Morning Post bowl at the 1953 Hongkong Bowls. The team captain, F/Sgt K. Vivian, is seen on the right receiving the bowl from Major-General R. C. Cruddas. F/Sgt Vivian is also this year's Colony and Services champion shot. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: His Excellency the Governor admiring an exhibit of eggs at the New Territories Agricultural Show. With him are Mr E. B. Toesdale, New Territories District Commissioner (centre), and Mr R. E. Dean. (Staff Photographer)



MRS Rea, wife of Lt-Col M. A. Rea, cutting the 100 lb. cake at the Royal Army Medical Corps' all-ranks dance at the Kowloon Cricket Club last week. (Staff Photographer)

PICTURES taken at some of the farewell parties given in honour of the Hon. Sir Arthur Morda, who is leaving the Colony shortly on retirement. Top left: Sir Arthur drinking a toast with Mr L. P. Kwok at the Hongkong Football Club. Top right: Mr J. McKelvie, Vice-President of the Hongkong Football Association, presenting a farewell gift from the Association to Sir Arthur, who is its President. Lower left: The Hon. Leo D'Almada presenting Sir Arthur with a silver salver and jug set on behalf of the Portuguese community. Lower right: Mr and Mrs J. H. Ruttonjee proposing a toast at the dinner which they gave in honour of Sir Arthur at the Peninsula Hotel. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: At the annual dinner dance of the Society of York-shiremen, held at the Yacht Club. From left to right are Mrs Stoker, Mr A. Sommerfelt, Mr W. Stoker, President of the Society, Mrs J. D. Alexander and Mr J. R. Jones. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Mr Robert Der, Chairman of the Kowloon Chinese Chamber of Commerce, cutting the ribbon to open the Salvation Army exhibition and sale of work. Col F. T. Waller is on the left. (Mayfair)

WING GONG

ELECTRIC HOUSEWARES

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FLYING OFFICER D. W. Honey, RAF, with the two fisherman who rescued him from the sea near Ping Chau recently after his machine crashed. Wong Sing-chin (left) and Wan Shui-hoi were awarded a grant of money by Her Majesty the Queen. (Staff Photographer)

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WITH BETTER GEAR!

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CAMPBELL'S
GOES A LONG
WAY**



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The
BIG FIGHT
for her
HANDSDRUSILLA BEYFUS
reporting

THEY'RE after her hands. They want to catch them where the camera has—the second before a woman starts into her household business.

To the people who make the products that protect a woman's hands it is the million-pound moment.

Will she put on her household gloves? Will she rub on creams?

★ ★ ★

This bread-and-butter decision determines where a load of gold will lie. "There's million-pound business in it for us if she acquires the creams habit," said the leading manufacturer in the field.

But the birth of a new idea can mean the end of an old one.

"She won't have enough money to buy gloves and creams," said a buyer of a firm with shops all over the country.

The cream people are making a pounce on the market. Their products have been about for some time in a small way—but they soon will be splashed about the stores all over the country.

A million extra tubes of cream will land on the market—one-half the number of gloves sold in a whole year.

★ ★ ★

Displays will be on show in the stores. Films are being shown to women's clubs. Parties of housewives will be indoctrinated with the cream-wearing idea in the manufacturer's London factory. "We believe in dramatising the truth," said the man very suitably in charge of the sales campaign. They intend to dramatise it for five years until buying a cream and not a pair of gloves becomes one of the nation's habits. Com-

mercial fortunes are rooted in habits. The battle will centre round the enemies' weaknesses.

Say the glove people: "The barrier creams will have their work cut out to dislodge us. Gloves are less trouble. They are quick on and quick off. Most women (here it comes, cream-makers) are too busy when they start work to find a tube and rub on sticky creams. With gloves on, a woman can use hotter water, she doesn't use a towel to dry her dirty hands afterwards—she doesn't catch her fingers on sharp edges. I'd put my money on gloves every time."

Say the cream people: "There won't be any need for gloves. The creams will give the housewife's hands all the protection they need. They keep her hands soft, free, and flexible (here it comes, glove-makers), and she won't let the glasses slip through slippery rubbered hands into the sink."

Who will catch the housewife's eye—and grasp her hand for keeps?

Give Glassware Good Care

By ELEANOR ROSS

Quality in glassware depends on shape, clarity and decoration. It's a good idea when shopping to use a dark background, such as a black purse or sleeve, to judge the clarity of the glassware. And it's a good idea, too, when you have sifted down to one or two designs, to move the ones in which you are interested away from the display, so that you can visualise how they will look on a table.

New processes have succeeded in making glassware far more durable than it used to be. But, of course, reasonable handling and care is necessary to keep that nice set of stemware, tumblers or appetiser cups intact.

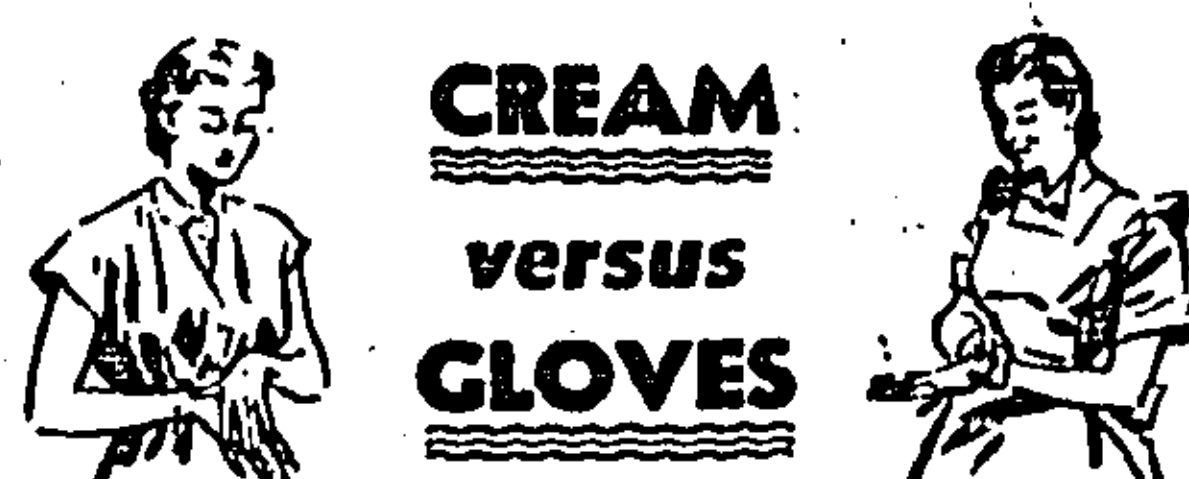
Glasses should be carefully washed in hot, not boiling water, and a rubber mat or towel should be placed in the

bottom of basin or sink. Don't plunge glasses that have contained ice or very cold drinks into hot water, but let them warm up a bit before their cleansing bath.

If only ammonia or a detergent is used in the wash water, then you can air-dry glasses, rinsing down. But glasses washed in soap must be towel-dried with a lintless cloth.

Use lukewarm water for glasses that have contained milk. Softened with soda, lukewarm water removes stubborn stains.

To remove lime deposits, use tea leaves soaked in vinegar. These lime deposits have a pesky way of settling on the bottom of water bottles and pitchers. Just place tea leaves on the bottom and cover with vinegar.



The girl wears one of the new brighter-mornings housecoats, made in pink and white striped cotton. The collar and cuffs are in the raspberry pink shade of the stripe. Full skirted, long sleeved.

WHAT THEY
SAY WON'T
SELL, BUT—

THIS is the dress that smashed an illusion. Ninety percent of the big dress manufacturers in this country would not produce it for the mass market. "Not for our class of trade," they will tell you.

It breaks all the sacred sales rules. The dress has sloping shoulders. The rules say that for the big trade shoulders must be square.

It is made from a new material for winter wear, a jersey tweed, shown in Paris last year. The Sales Rules say that no new fashion is acceptable to the British until it is two years old.

It has slim, three-quarter length sleeves. The rules say that sleeves must be short or long.

It has a flat line in the front of the skirt, and fullness, over the hips. The rules decree that lines suited for flat tummies do not sell.

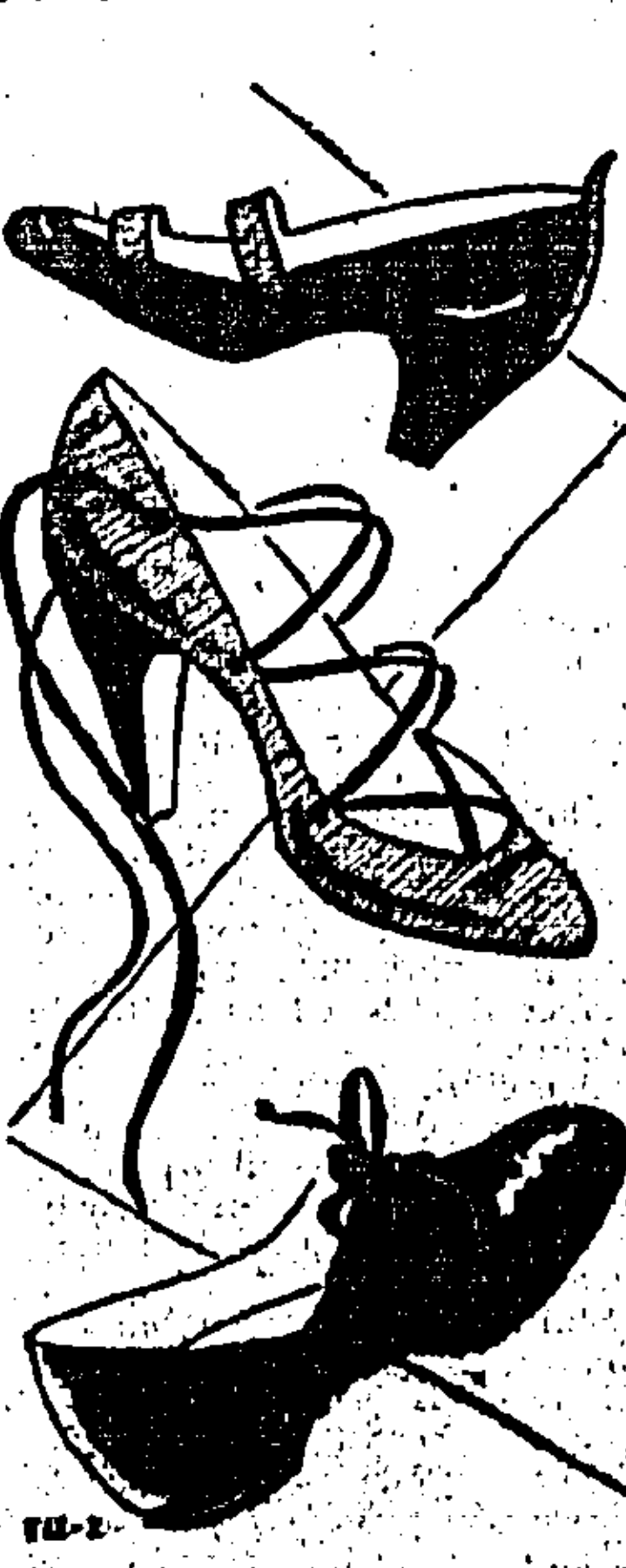
It has a petersham band inside the skirt, to pull the wearer's waistline in. The rules decree that money spent on nipped-in middles is money wasted.

It has a new idea about the buttoning, the buttons placed in a triangular line. The rules

New Fashion
Footprints

By GRACE THORNCLIFFE

SHOES this season are better than ever with many models ready to do duty either with suits or dressier clothes. This versatile strap pump is of black suede with the two straps and the back trim of dark beige kidskin. The Spanish influence is discernible in a tango slipper of red calf with heel and lacing of black patent leather. For roughing it in town, and for general country-wear, a well-handled oxford is always right. This one is of soft brown with a built-in wedge heel. Tan calf is used for the lacing and piping.



decree that the mass trade prefer straight button-throughs.

The dress costs 60s. In London shops—ten shillings more than the manufacturer's usual line of trade.

And if the sales rules mean anything at all, it is that the big trade won't pay extra for elegance.

This is the frock that was put on the rails of a London store at 4.30 one afternoon recently. In one hour 70 had been sold. The rest of the quota—3,000 models—was sold in a week, the last dresses were bought yesterday.

Children of the
lean lands

THE overseas visitors that no one made a fuss about left Britain the other day. They arrived skinny, scared, and shivering. They left, round, chirpy, and dressed in solid British jerseys and tartans and good school shoes.

They are the children of the lean lands sent over for a taste of milk and honey. They stayed as the guests of British families for six months. The average cost per head was £4 10s.

"I often couldn't recognise the children when they left this country, they looked so well," said the man whose job it is to bring the children to Britain. He is Mr John Barclay, head of the International Help for Children.

It never seemed to matter that the Greek children could not speak a word to the British ones. They seemed to get along in a mutual tongue.

"Nearly all our offers of help come from working-class people—and on the whole we prefer it. Our children need affection, food, warm clothes, and other children to play with, and in middle-class homes they have a more rigid pattern of life that the children find harder to fit into.

"Of course, when they get back to Greece the children will grow thin and shabby again—but the good thing is that they got a boost in Britain just when they needed it."

The sights of
the town

TONICS ON THE TOWN, free to anyone who was in London in the right place last week.

The sight of a Piccadilly shop window full of winter white roses, with tissue thin petals and pale green leaves, growing in small pots.

The sight of a bronzed English family stretching out in the sun beside a bright blue swimming pool, and one of them strolling off to take a dip—part of a movie to boost summer holidays in Britain, on show to the passing public in Oxford Street.

The sight of the taximan hailed in a one-way street by a woman who wanted to go in the other direction—the taxi sped right round the block to meet her without flicking his meter up.

The sight of a chic American woman over here to see the London dress collections, wearing the kind of mink you never see now on the English. It was magnificent and NEW.

(London Express Service)

Acorn may learn to be
a very special mink

ACORN is the name of a young female mink on a farm at Crawley Ridge, Camberley. Her owner, Mr Peter Shepherd, believes she may soon be a rarity among mink—a completely tamed creature.

Twenty-five-year-old Mr Shepherd has been petting the mink since she was a pup. He now lives with her in his house, where he could "be his own boss."

Teen-Agers'
Dating
ProblemsBy GARRY CLEVELAND
MYERS, Ph.D.

MOST mothers have some concern about protecting their daughters, especially in the early teens, against the dangers of undue liberties which boys might attempt to take. Why is it that so few parents bother about engendering wholesome attitudes in their sons toward girls?

Many mothers of daughters, 15 to 18, are thinking of ways to keep their daughters from being alone with boys for long periods. They should also try to help their daughters forge a moral armour for themselves. I don't mean these youths should not have social protection. Rather, most daughters, especially as they enter adolescence, are not protected as much as they should be. Not having been controlled in earlier years as to their hours out, they naturally are less amenable to any control at 14 or 15.

Wholesome Conditions.

Normally, girls want to be with boys. Instead of trying to keep them from boys, their parents should encourage, reasonably, such association under wholesome conditions. Having welcomed numerous children, boys and girls, to come to their homes informally during the years when the children were younger, wise parents try to make it easy for the teen-age daughter and her boy friend to come into the house rather than to sit in a car by the house or outside. It's normal for young people to want to escape parental supervision. Even in the smallest home, this can be managed to everyone's satisfaction. Wise parents don't need to sit right in the presence of these couples. They should, of course, be home—but not necessarily in the same room with the young folks.

Parents' Manners

Then, there is a great art in making the youth feel comfortable as he comes into the house to call for daughter. Parents should exhibit good manners, should make him feel welcome.

I'm always puzzled to know how to answer the mother who writes about a teen-age daughter who is getting out of hand. She's staying out all hours of the night, contriving in all sorts of ways to go out with some boy, often clandestinely, outwitting her parents repeatedly.

Usually, this mother has resorted solely to commanding and rebuking and punishing her daughter in some way. Often there are word-battles between the mother and both parents and the daughter, and long-continued strained relations. As a rule, the daughter wins and the parents spend sleepless nights of worry.

Understanding Attitude

Once the daughter begins to deceive and outwit her parents, they can have relatively little hope of winning her over to their wishes through forceful measures. Their biggest advantage would be in putting a stop to arguments, scolding and angry attitudes.

Instead, they'd be wise to cultivate a friendly, understanding attitude. Once this is accomplished, the stage is set. They'll then be able to sit down and talk matters over with the daughter. There's more hope of winning her over to their side when the talk is a friendly discussion rather than a heated battle.

If parents would just try to remember their own youthful days, they'd be better equipped to understand the tempestuous teen-age years of their children.

SIXTY CHOCOLATE DELIGHTS

By ALICE DENHOFF

HERE are some more warmer-uppers for the once-a-year bakers, recipes that should sit well, too, with good cooks who like easy-to-do recipes. For the first, here's how to make about 60 Chocolate Delights.

Melt one c. (8 oz.) semi-sweet chocolate pieces in double boiler top over hot water. Remove from heat. Stir in 1-1/3 c. (10-oz. tin) sweetened condensed milk, 1/2 c. orange rind and dash of salt. Blend in 1/4 c. coarsely crushed corn flakes. Drop by teaspoonfuls, about one inch apart, on well-greased cookie sheet, and shape into mounds with back of spoon. Bake at 350°F. until firm—about 12-15 minutes. Remove from pan at once, and cool.

Fudge Oatmeal Cookies, the recipe for about 30 (1 1/2-inch) cookies, come next.

Place 1 1/2 c. sweetened condensed milk, 1 (1-oz.) squares

unsweetened chocolate and 1/2 c. water in top of double boiler. Cook over rapidly boiling water, stirring constantly until mixture no longer runs from spoon—about 5 to 8 minutes. Remove from heat. Stir in 1/2 c. vanilla extract, and blend in 1/4 c. quick-cooking oats and 1/2 c. raisins. Let stand 15 minutes.

Drop by teaspoonfuls into greased baking sheet. Bake in moderately hot oven (350°F.) until firm and bottoms are lightly browned—about 10 minutes. Remove quickly from baking sheet.

★
Guest Specials in our name for some delicious spiced cake squares.

To make about 32 good-sized squares, sift together 2 1/2 c. sifted cake flour, 1/2 c. sugar, 1/2 c. baking powder, 1/2 tsp. soda, 1/2 tsp. each

salt and cinnamon and 1/2 tsp. nutmeg or mace. Add 1/2 c. shortening, 2/3 c. molasses, and 2 eggs, mixing until all flour is dampened. Beat one minute by hand or mixer. Add 1/2 c. milk, then beat 2 minutes more. Pour batter into two well-greased 8-inch square pans or into small cup cake pans. Bake at 375°F. for 25 minutes. Turn cakes on wire rack to cool.

Ice with confectioners' sugar icing or seven-minute frosting. Cut each square cake into 16 squares. (To cut the cake into clean squares, use a very sharp knife and dip in hot water each time you have cut through the cake.) Decorate cup cakes or squares with slices of citron and candied cherries.

To make vanilla wafers, or, indeed any simple cookie, taste over better left a generous shaking of poppy seed or sesame seed over each cookie before it goes into the oven.

Who Is Spooning Out The Soothing Syrup?

By LORD KILLEARN
(Former British Ambassador to Egypt)

THE attitude of some eminent people to General Naguib worries me. They seem ready to delude the British public about the facts regarding the painful "compromise" over the Sudan. They are equally ready to gloss over Naguib's real aim: to force British troops out of the Canal Zone altogether.

I cite three instances. It has been revealed in the newspapers that the Foreign Minister, before announcing the Sudan agreement to the House of Commons, addressed a party meeting, presumably to obtain a favourable reaction.

Nevertheless, one Conservative backbencher questioned him in the House. Mr. Ralph Asquith, M.P. for Blackburn West, suggested that to talk about self-government for illiterate people was "a mockery and an abandonment of our trust."

It was odd that The Times omitted the stinging words of his question from its parliamentary report.

It is also well known that General Naguib addressed a Press conference in Cairo after the signing of the agreement.

Dusty answer

SOME newspapers reported that at this conference General Naguib said he hoped that talks on the Canal Zone would begin as early as possible—on the basis of complete British withdrawal.

Another significant statement, and this, too, was not fully reported in the same newspaper. Why?

On December 10 I asked in the House of Lords "whether this House will have full opportunity for comment before the conclusion of any agreement regarding the Sudan."

There was the customary polite but dusty answer.

All reference to this too was omitted from the same newspaper, which normally prints full reports of important matters in the Upper House.

I realise that completely open diplomacy is not always prac-

ticable during delicate negotiations.

But surely discretion can be overdone and unduly protracted, as in this case, both in London and in Khartoum. It gave the impression in many quarters that we were ashamed of something.

The British people have solid common sense. Why are they not told more, sooner, and given a better chance to form their own opinions on major issues such as this?

Surely there can be no doubt that in the Middle East, where once British influence was supreme, we seem to be losing it.

POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



Cheer up, skipper! If General Naguib still lets us go through the Suez Canal and General Chiang Kai-shek hasn't sunk us off Formosa, one of these days soon we shall be shipping a lovely cargo of shilling shirts in Yokohama.

our grip? This is a thought which must be seriously worrying the Foreign Secretary. And it is a story we cannot afford to hush up.

One slide after another—Abadan, the Sudan, the Canal Zone—we are being hustled out. Our whole position in the Middle East is becoming more and more shaky. We make nervous concessions all round. Concession from strength is often wise.



"Of course you're free—free to stay where you are or jump inside backwards!"
London Express Service

CYPRUS? WELL—



What is the value of Cyprus as a military base? British military opinion holds the view that while Cyprus can be used in an emergency its strategic value is limited.

It has only three ports—Famagusta, Limassol, Larnaca. Only the first two of these—and in particular Famagusta, where the Navy is now carrying out considerable developments—could be of much military value.

Cyprus has all the disadvantages of being an island base. It is nearly 300 miles from the mainland of North Africa and 1,000 miles from Malta. Although the south coast of Turkey is little more than 10 miles away and Aleppo about 150 miles, roads and railways on the mainland would require years of development at enormous cost before they were adequate.

The immense plain in the centre of the island is one of the world's natural airfields, with an expanse of nearly 100 square miles. But the island makes an easy target for atomic attack. Moreover, it could be outflanked easily either by a break through in Asia Minor or into Greece.

To ensure its protection, an immense fleet and an air force as large as the Desert Air Force of the last war would have to be immediately available at all times.

temporary good will of General Naguib? Is his position so secure?

I do not believe we can gain Egyptian respect that way. The men round Naguib regard Britain as an enemy.

If anyone doubts that they should consider the evidence of Captain Yerulam Cohen. He has just written an article in the Jewish Observer and Middle East Review. In it he describes secret talks he held during the Jewish-Arab war with Colonel Gamal Abd el Nasser, now Naguib's principal lieutenant.

Abd el Nasser, he says, "never wearied of requesting details of how we had organised our underground movement (against the British) or of methods employed to build up mass support among the population. His hatred of the British and their

To such a man weakness will earn only contempt.

In my view, the time has come to speak frankly and finally to General Naguib, Abd el Nasser and their friends.

I would tell them that unless they accept the British proposals for the future defence of the Canal Zone—such as the proposed international Middle East Command, in which the British would play their full part—they will get nothing.

This is not an age for nervous negativism in foreign affairs. Britain has explicit treaty rights in the Canal Zone, an area vital to the defence of the Empire and the key to Western control of Middle Eastern oil supplies. We should stand firm on that just and proper base.

Stalin Won't Die With His Boots On

By EDGAR HOLT

FOURTEEN years in Russia have given Louis Fischer, the American journalist, ample material for answering your questions about Stalin.

When he crossed the Iron Curtain back to the West, he made a careful study of all the relevant books and documents.

It gave him the background to the Soviet purges, the cold war, and what may happen in Russia when Stalin is dead. There's no telling when Stalin will die. But Fischer is certain of this one thing: that he will die in bed. He will not be assassinated.

"Except for a member of Stalin's intimate entourage, the chances of coming close enough to kill him are small," says Fischer.

Moreover he has so completely identified the Soviet regime with himself that to reject him by killing him would be to reject the regime. An assassin, therefore, would have to proceed against the regime and kill not only Stalin but all his important political colleagues. In self-defence, the colleagues oppose assassination as a political method.

The question most people will want to ask Mr Fischer is why Stalin is off again on his cold-blooded "purge" routine. The "doctor-politicians" are coming up for trial, the surviving Russian "bourgeois" are threatened by an intensified class-war. What is the reason for these periodic bloodbaths? The simple reason is that Stalin claims to be infallible. He is "always right." So, Mr Fischer explains in "The Life and Death of Stalin," "Stalin's infallibility makes the purge a permanent feature of Soviet life. Since the dictator is infallible, the system he has created is infallible, the more so since it is based on infallible doctrine.

"Therefore anything that goes wrong in the Soviet Union must be due to the ill will of a subordinate—who maliciously perverts the system. And that is treason."

"Stalin leaves no room for human error, or doctrinal fallacies. It recognises only heresy or hostility. Hence the perpetual purge. The purge is a device to detect those who are traitors."

The vast scale of the purges is simply due to the fact that Stalin worships himself. He

assumes that, whereas a little purge might invite doubt, a colossal purge will be convincing. Throughout Soviet life "bigger is better."

When the present purge is in full swing, there will be the usual "confessions" from the accused. The "doctor-politicians" are said to have confessed already. Mr Fischer answers our questions about these "confessions," too.

Often they are extorted by physical torture—or merely by the fear of it. Prisoners sign admissions of treason because they have seen "men and women come back from encounters with the investigating magistrates bleeding, limping, crippled, hysterical, with, at times, blackened eyes, smashed lips, broken ribs, broken spirits."

What about the cold war? Is there any chance of Stalin calling it off?

Very little. For "a dictatorship must have enemies. If they are at hand it inflates them. If they are absent it creates them to have an excuse for the terror, hardship and tension. . . . Foreign foes are cited to explain the rigours of the all-powerful despotism."

Will the cold war become a hot one? That is always possible, but Mr Fischer thinks it, on the whole, unlikely.

"To wreak vengeance on mankind for resisting conversion, Stalinism might decide to perish with the Palestinians by pulling out the supports of the temple of freedom. A war would achieve that result, for neither world can crush the other by force without succumbing in the debris."

"But most signs indicate that rather than commit suicide in order to destroy the enemy, the Stalinists have a wager on the suicide of the democracies."

Some readers of this fascinating and informative book may find Mr Fischer a little "cagey" in his forecasts of what will happen after Stalin's death. He rules out a military coup d'état. "Bourgeoisies are not in the Russian tradition." But of one thing he is certain. When Stalin dies "the secret police will have the biggest share in determining who shall be the new dictator."

So the man to watch in Russia is the head of the secret police—Beria, or if Beria goes, his successor. The destiny of post-Stalin Russia is in his hands.

25 YEARS CHIEF TEST PILOT AT VICKERS— SO WHAT NEXT?

THE paradox of being a test pilot is that—the test pilot is searching for safety.

Safety is the key to the future in the air. That, of course, means regulations, and regulations are always a bore. Necessary I grant; but tedious.

Regulations and cost between them have certainly killed private flying, at any rate for the time being.

Ever since we began to fly we have cheerfully forecast that the day of every man his own little aeroplane was just around the corner. Today, quite obviously, it is not.

I should like to have my own now. To go over to Le Touquet for a good Sunday lunch, or over to Dublin for the horse show. But the machine would cost three or four times what it did before the war, when a little Moth Minor cost about £600—and very few modern planes of the right type are made now.

£400 a year

It would cost about £400 a year to maintain it at a sufficiently high standard to get its yearly certificate of airworthiness—a rigorous test. Then there are hangar and airfield charges before you start on the running costs.

Then—if I could pay that tot and had my plane—comes it at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and I decide to hop over for that piece of steak.

At the airfield I must get permission to take off. I wait for my orders. I have to be routed, given a time, height, bearing, and be cleared by Flying Control. To make sure that I won't run up the end of some great airfield by mistake. That takes about half an hour on a good clear day.

Of course, by the end of that half-hour and just as I expect my clearance, a bit of cloud drifts over. Someone runs up and says how about your radio, what is your wave-length, and I mutter furiously that I have no radio because I cannot afford everything.

CONCLUDING THE MEMOIRS OF CAPT. 'MUTT' SUMMERS

He tells me to wait. If I haven't got a radio I cannot be ordered about upstairs, so I must put off lunch until the sky is all blue.

I get out again, take a walk round, notice that my little plane has only one engine, and remember I have always said I need two for safety in case one folds up on me—and go home.

No, private flying is out. The immediate future lies in airline travel. In tourist class air travel is romantic, and not just luxury flying for the business man. And I really do believe that is just around the corner. The International Air Transport Association recently announced that its 67 member companies—which include BEA and BOAC—are going in for tourist traffic next year, at fares 20 to 25 percent down. I think they will come down even further.

What happens is this: present-day aircraft can carry a quarter as many passengers again if they scarp some of the luxury tails of travel. By shortening the distances they cover in one hop—flying the Atlantic in two or three stages for instance—they need to carry less fuel. Less fuel, more seats with passengers in them.

Headaches

Of course first class travel will go on. With the newer, higher speed aircraft, however, the important thing is that after a certain point the only real advantage of speed is cheapness.

If an extra hundred or two miles an hour means that you land at your destination at six in the morning instead of at breakfast time, and after a proper night's sleep no one except the professional hustler is any better off. Unless that saving of time means that the aeroplane can do two trips—there and back—in the one operational day. Obviously, if it can, prices will come down. The economics of the thing, not the physical limitations, are

what give modern civil aircraft designers their biggest headaches nowadays.

Economics, and of course, safety. Always safety. I love it, and so, not unnaturally, do the customers.

Safety, cheapness, speed. It really will be possible soon to persuade the most timid maiden aunt to take her summer holiday with her niece in Canada at little more cost than a week at Bournemouth.

I don't think my life will have been useless if it has been spent in helping make that just a little more possible. And I do believe that test pilots generally have some good ideas at the back of their minds.

It may take two or three or four years to build a new plane. It may cost £1,000,000 or more. It takes out a little more to make a good pilot, and you cannot put a value on him.

There is still plenty of adventure for test pilots ahead. Beyond the sound barrier is a new era of discovery. Above the stratosphere is space. And for many years yet there will be the moon to aim at.

But I would like to give one word of warning.

My first

I made my first prototype flight by accident. I had just come to Vickers, and I was asked to take out a little open cockpit monoplane fighter called the Jockey for taxi-ing tests.

The idea was simply to run her backwards and forwards across the airfield at Brooklands. I did so.

But across the field at that time ran a rough track. I suppose I was a bit bored and very young, and foolish. I ran her too hard. Across the track, and she bounced—20 feet up in the air.

She wasn't ready to fly; she hadn't a certificate; she wasn't tuned. I wasn't strapped in, no helmet, goggles, or even broom. It seemed easier and safer, however, to keep her up than let her down with a bang, so I did. I took her once round, and came down to face the trouble.

I don't advise that way of making a start. It isn't safe.

The famous Kew 'A' Certificate, proof that a movement has passed the world's most stringent tests with flying colours. Although the National Physical Laboratory (background) is now at Teddington, these certificates are still called by the name of the original famous foundation.

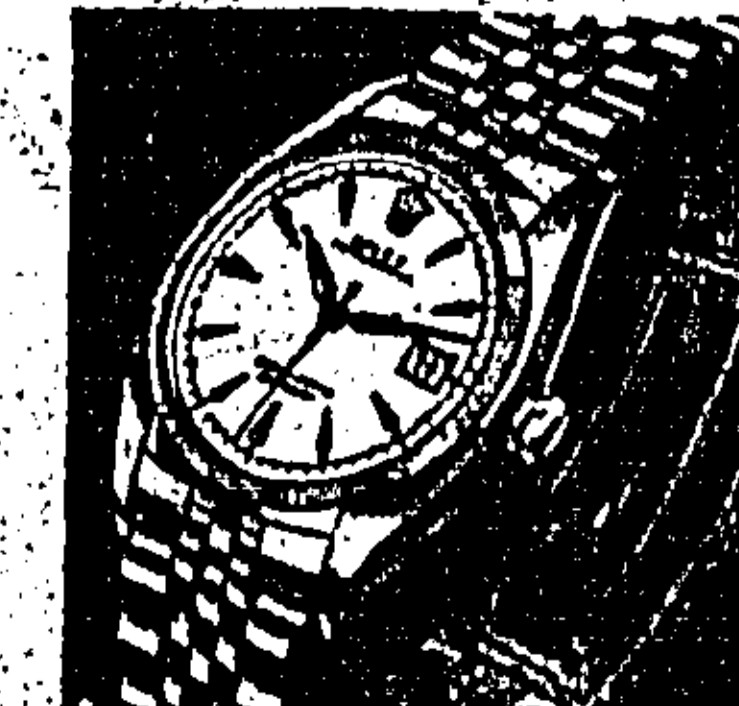
An achievement that startled the most exacting craftsmen

KNOWN the world over as the ultimate authority on the testing of timepieces, Kew Observatory in England recorded in 1950 results that startled the most exacting, the most blasé craftsmen in our industry.

Rolex entered more than 100 of their men's small watches (23.7 mm. in diameter) for chronometer testing—for testing that is usually given only to large chronometers. The movements were to be subjected, in company with large chronometers, to the most stringent tests in the world. The experts were dubious; but Rolex were confident.

For 44 days, in five positions and at three temperatures, those watches were tested. And when their points were totalled, men connected with the watch industry could hardly believe their eyes.

The incredible number of 140 Rolex movements had qualified for—and was awarded—the precious, coveted Kew 'A' Certificate.



The Rolex Oyster—the peak of Rolex performance. Protected by the Oyster case, powered with silent efficiency by the Rolex Perpetual self-winding 'Rotor', it automatically and instantly retards the day in a whisker as the dial.

The full force of this achievement becomes clearer when you realize that the smaller the watch movement the more difficult it is to attain the accuracy necessary to pass such stringent tests originally designed for chronometers of far greater diameter.

For watches so small to be so good means only one thing—that the best of workmanship and the highest technical skill go into them. And it is this standard that makes Rolex the world's first wrist-chronometer.

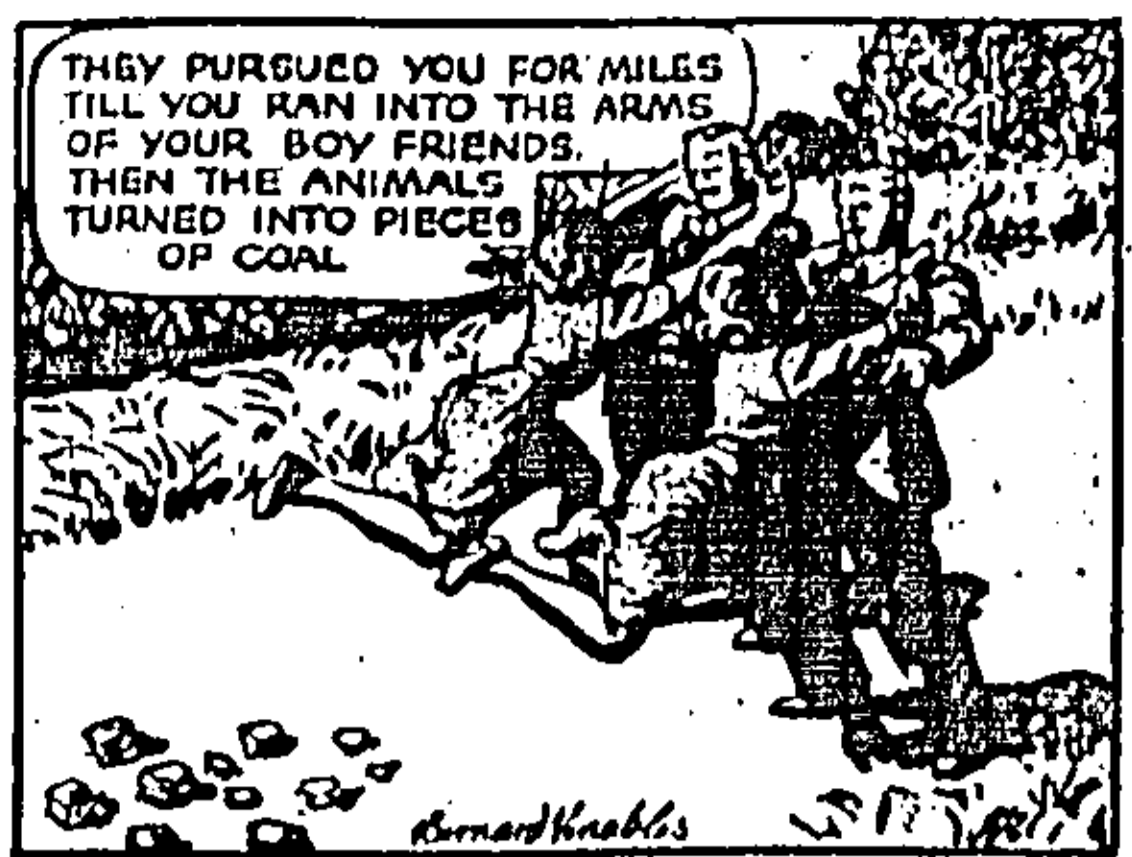
The first wrist-watch ever to pass the Kew 'A' Observatory test was a small 11 ligne Rolex. This happened as long ago 1014.

ROLEX



—THIS DREAM MEANS:

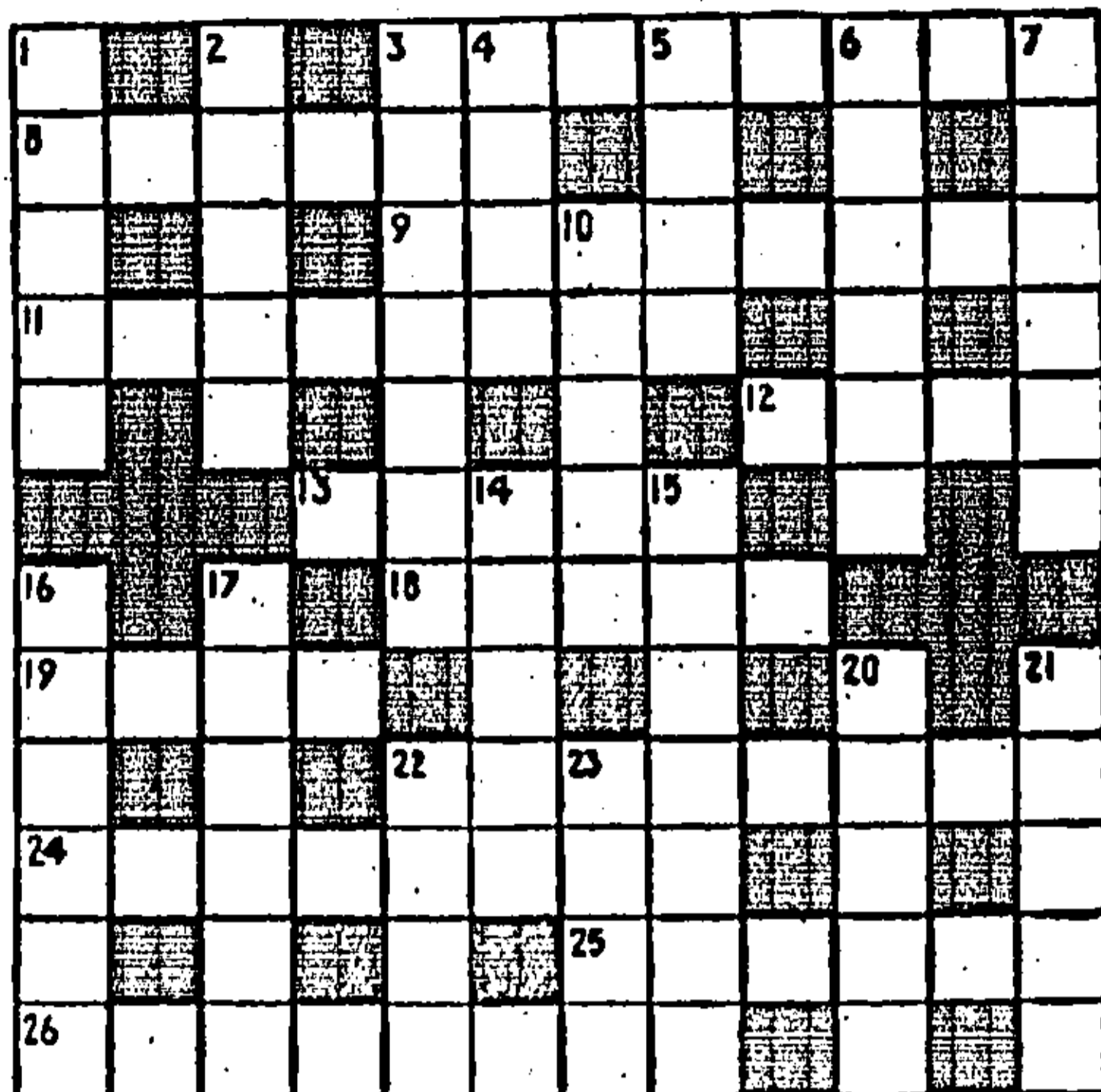
Pigs and coal are associated with dirt, and here symbolise moral contamination of some sort. Feeding the pigs seems to represent your attempt to be kind to people who are not worthy of it. The terrible animals which pursue you are the unwanted attentions of un-



—THIS DREAM MEANS:

Your boy friend arrives in the nick of time and so saves you; he seems to have won your trust. Your dream seems to represent your realisation of the difference between sacred and profane love; between the right sort and the wrong.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

3. Not concrete (8).
5. Snake (6).
10. Interfered (8).
11. Vies with (8).
12. Blind (4).
13. Exclude (5).
18. Small payments (5).
19. Peruse (4).
22. Revoked (8).
24. Took the chair (8).
25. Alliance (6).
26. Snakes (8).

DOWN

1. Cheat (5).
2. Checks (5).
3. Changed (7).
4. Defeat (4).
6. Strike lightly (4).
9. Concurred (6).
10. Walk like an infant (8).
14. Drilled (5).
15. Withdraws (7).
16. Feels for (6).
17. Gallop about (8).
20. Torments (5).
21. Borders (5).
23. Fit for consumption (4).
24. Skin (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD: — Across: 3 Proposed, 7 Homer, 8 Advising, 10 Replete, 13 Precept, 15 Mole, 17 Ordered, 18 Reverse, 20 Odes, 21 Earnest, 22 Tester, 27 Princess, 28 Trend, 29 Director, Down: 1 Sharp, 2 Ample, 3 Pile, 4 Pail, 5 Sailor, 6 Dogged, 9 Depose, 11 Erred, 12 Achea, 14 Treats, 15 Means, 16 Lease, 18 Romped, 19 Venice, 22 Rests, 23 Ether, 24 Trade, 25 Acts.

The SNAPSHOT GUILD



This lovely scenic is not only an example of the basic points of composition—it won a snapshot contest prize.

Here Composition Really Counts

COMPOSITION is important in every type of picture taking, but in no case is it more important than in landscape or scenic snapshots. It can make or break such a picture.

Not long ago, I had occasion to list some rules for landscape composition and the very next day I came across the above picture which bears out in practice almost perfectly everything I had to say in theory.

I had pointed out that, if there is a large foreground object, such as a tree, you should avoid centring it and move your camera until the tree is about one-third of the way from one side, and balance it with distant trees or other small objects.

When the subject of "framing" is concerned, I had written that it is essential to establish a scale or to add human warmth. I was emphatic about having the people look at the scene, and not at the camera.

In other words, the picture above can serve you well as a guide to scenic composition.

—John van Gulder

LIZARDS, LOVE AND MR DOUGLAS

★ ★ ★

Postscript To A Happy Pagan...

★ ★ ★

FOOTNOTE ON CAPRI. By Norman Douglas. Sidgwick and Jackson. 10s. 6d. 46 pages. 48 photographs.

NOT long before his death Norman Douglas broke a good resolution—as was his custom—and, taking up his pen, wrote a last brief book on Capri, which he had loved so long and which he—with his

fellow-Scot, Sir Campton Mackenzie and the blind Swede, Axel Munthe—had made the most famous island in the world, or at least the most notorious.

The little book, excuse for some handsome photographs, may be regarded as a footnote to Douglas. If that is so, it is a gentle postscript to a tempestuous story, in which the three guiding stars were literature, love and lizards.

The literature—like the love—was a wayward. As for the lizards, it was the search for a rare blue lizard that first took Douglas to Capri. Curiously about another lizard made him, as a boy, learn Russian, an accomplishment that became of critical importance.

George Norman Douglas (28) was born in Australia in 1888; mother, an Australian aristocrat; father, Douglas of Tilghillie (Deeside). The rhyme runs:

Tilghillie stands on the old, old lands
And the name of Douglas is there.

No longer there. The people is a farmhouse. The Douglas are gone. Their last portraits are dispersed.

Young Norman was sent to school at Uppingham; at 15 went to Karlsruhe, where he stayed until he was 20 and where he set up an agreeable little harem for four. He also began to write: first work, an article for The Zoologist on the colour of crows' feathers.

Like any other young man with more talent than industry, he entered the British Diplomatic Service in 1913. Soon there was an opening for a third secretary at the St. Petersburg Embassy, a notably unpopular post even in Tsarist times. Douglas—who dropped one S for the purposes of writing—astonished his superiors by volunteering for the job.

He did not, however, devote all his time to making treaties with the Tsar or studying natural history. He had a delicious love affair with an aristocratic Russian woman whom he calls "Helen." This high-toned amour he was able to combine with parallel activities on a lower plane.

A Russian friend was in the habit of purchasing young girls from their parents; later marrying them off with a generous portion.

The simplicity of the system made an irresistible appeal to the young Scot. But it was the affair with "Helen" that threatened to blow up into scandal.

At this point, Douglas wrote to the Foreign Office, pointing out that Joe Chamberlain's advocacy of Imperial Preference necessitated an on-the-spot investigation of the tariff system of the Dominions; he suggested

himself for this duty. Lord Salisbury agreed—by sending him on a secret mission to Afghanistan.

That was the end of his career as a diplomat, although for 30 years after, Douglas was still on the Foreign Office list, receiving £100 a year.

He married his cousin, Elsa Fitzgibbon; had two sons; was divorced; lost his money and thereafter had to support himself by writing. He wrote enough to live on, would have thought it unintelligent to write more.

He wrote one fine novel, South Wind, some charming travel books, especially Siren Land. He had a weakness for byways of scholarship; was learned about London children's street games; composed a volume of improper Lime-ricks; this work was prosecuted by the government of that eminent puritan Mussolini—and was widely read when the Allied troops reached Paris in 1944.

He had an imposing array of crabbed prejudices—against English life; the English land-leave ("like living in a lettuce"); the Christian religion in any of its forms; cruelty; the writings of Ouida; wine;

Here are things she has written: short stories, shorter poems, hymning deserted lovers and departed loves, weeping tears of sulphuric acid over Negroes and oppressed servants of the very rich, detesting society as much for its empty head as for its hard heart.

Her wit is cruel because it is sharp-eyed and sharp-eyed because it is hurt. Here is sparkle without exhilaration.

She was born Dorothy Rothchild in New Jersey 59 years ago; educated at the Convent of the Sacred Sacrament, New York. Claims she learned there you had to spit on an eraser to make it rub out ink.

She is stout, 5ft. 11in. tall, wears glasses. Married three times, once to Edwin Parker (1917), twice to Alan Campbell (1933, 1950). Went to work, 1910, writing captions for Vogue at 10 dollars a week; since then has written film scripts for somewhat larger sums.

Has evinced "liberal" sympathies, temporarily less modish in literary circles of U.S.A. Was criticised in Detroit 1947 for picketing in protest against execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, Italian anarchists. Visited Spain during Franco's war; afterwards wrote: "The only group I have ever been affiliated with is that not especially brave little band that hid its nakedness of the lunchbox and mind under the out-of-date garment of a sense of humour."

Glimmering on the out-of-date garment are ornaments like: "Brevity is the soul of lingerie."

"You mean those clothes of hers are intentional? My heavens, I always thought she was on her way out of a burning building!"

To a lady who said something was preying on her mind: "Don't worry, it's probably starved to death by now."

Present selection includes her shortest best-known poem: Men seldom make passes At girls who wear glasses.

LIBRARY LIST

● **THE BALLAD OF THE SAD CAVE.** By F. L. Green. Grosset, 15s., 433 pages. In her thirties, Carson McCullers leads the poetic school of American fiction. The strange intensity of her work, its obsession with the macabre, emerges in the title story of this collection which presents the tragedy of Miss America, her convict husband and the luncheon who haunts both of them. A triumph of "atmosphere."

● **THE WATCH.** By Carlo Levi. Cassell, 15s., 290 pages. The best post-war Italian writer for breadth of humanity and depth of understanding—gathers together in this volume (hardly a novel) a collection of stories, Naples, Florence, from the end-of-the-war period. Not another "Christ Stopped at Eboli!" It could only have been written by the author of that masterpiece.

● **WINGS OF THE WIND.** By Peter Stamm. Falcon Press, 15s., 263 pages. War as seen by a troop-leader of the First Parachute Brigade in Tunisia, Sicily, finally at Anzio. The cream of the army, daredevil adventure, tragic losses; writing that holds the echo of desperate hours.

● **AMBUSH FOR THE HUNTER.** By F. L. Green. Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d., 272 pages. Eva Droumek arrives at London Airport, a refugee from beyond the Iron Curtain. But is "refugee" really the name to apply to Eva? The question first asked by Palmer, a perceptive reporter, is answered as tension mounts to climax in F. L. Green's well-managed tale.

● **THE GRASS HARE.** By Herman Capote Heinemann. 10s. 6d., 191 pages. In this eccentric little novel from the Southern States, the trouble starts on the day masterful Verena Tallo decides that her sister Dolly's secret dropy cure (learned from the gipsies) must be put on a business footing.

TAKE A WORD



QUIDNUNC

A GIRL whispers in another's ear. Did the Greeks have a word for that? Not so—but the Romans did. QUIDNUNC—from the Latin for "what now?"—has been used by classically trained English writers to mean a gossip or an inquisitive person.

So it can be applied with truth to anybody who uses the modern Americanism: "What's cooking?"

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

How To Keep Warm

BY HARRY WEINERT



THE WARM-HEARTED HOUSEWIFE TAKING THE CHILL OFF THE DELIVERY MAN



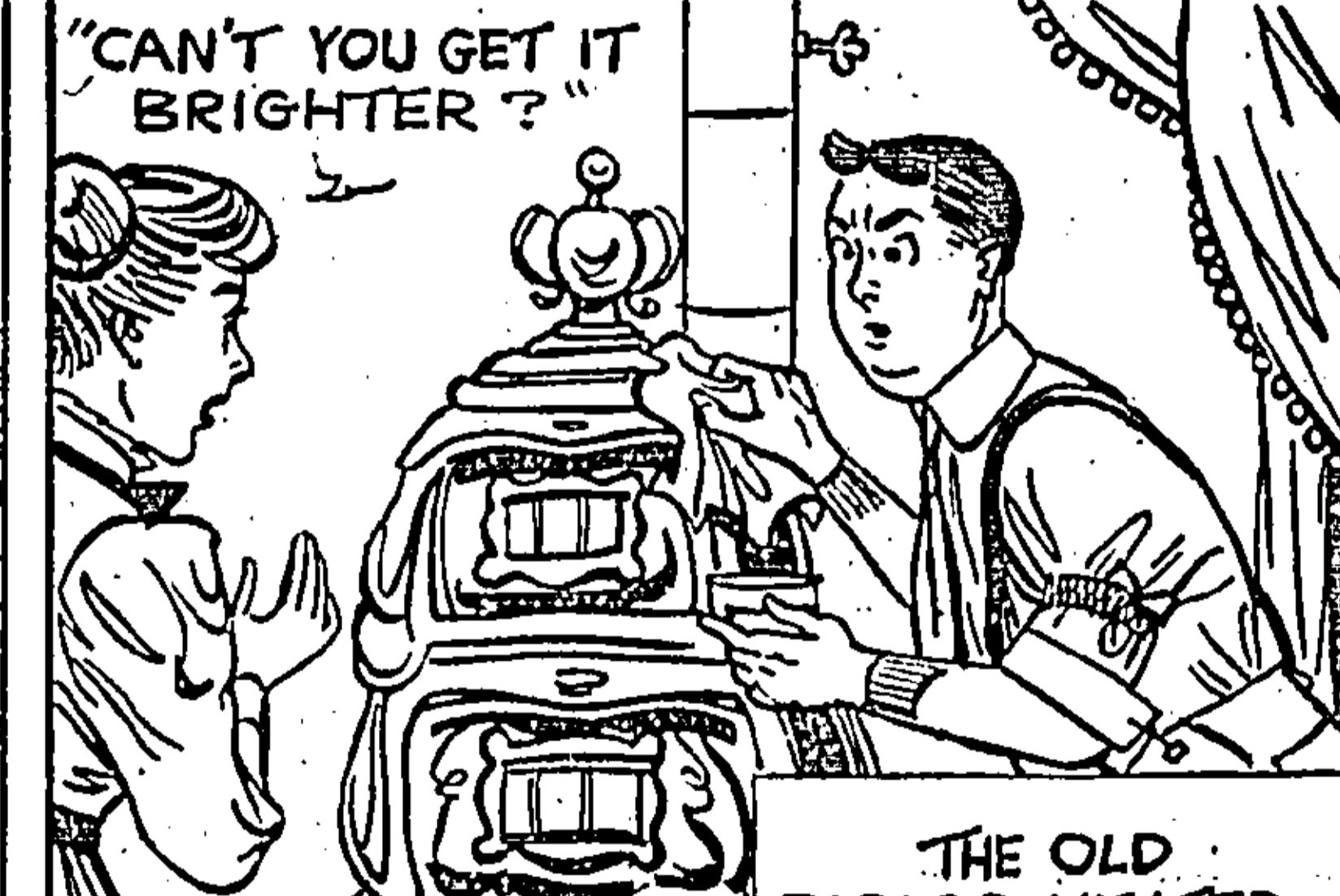
THE BATTLE OF THE RISING TEMPERATURES



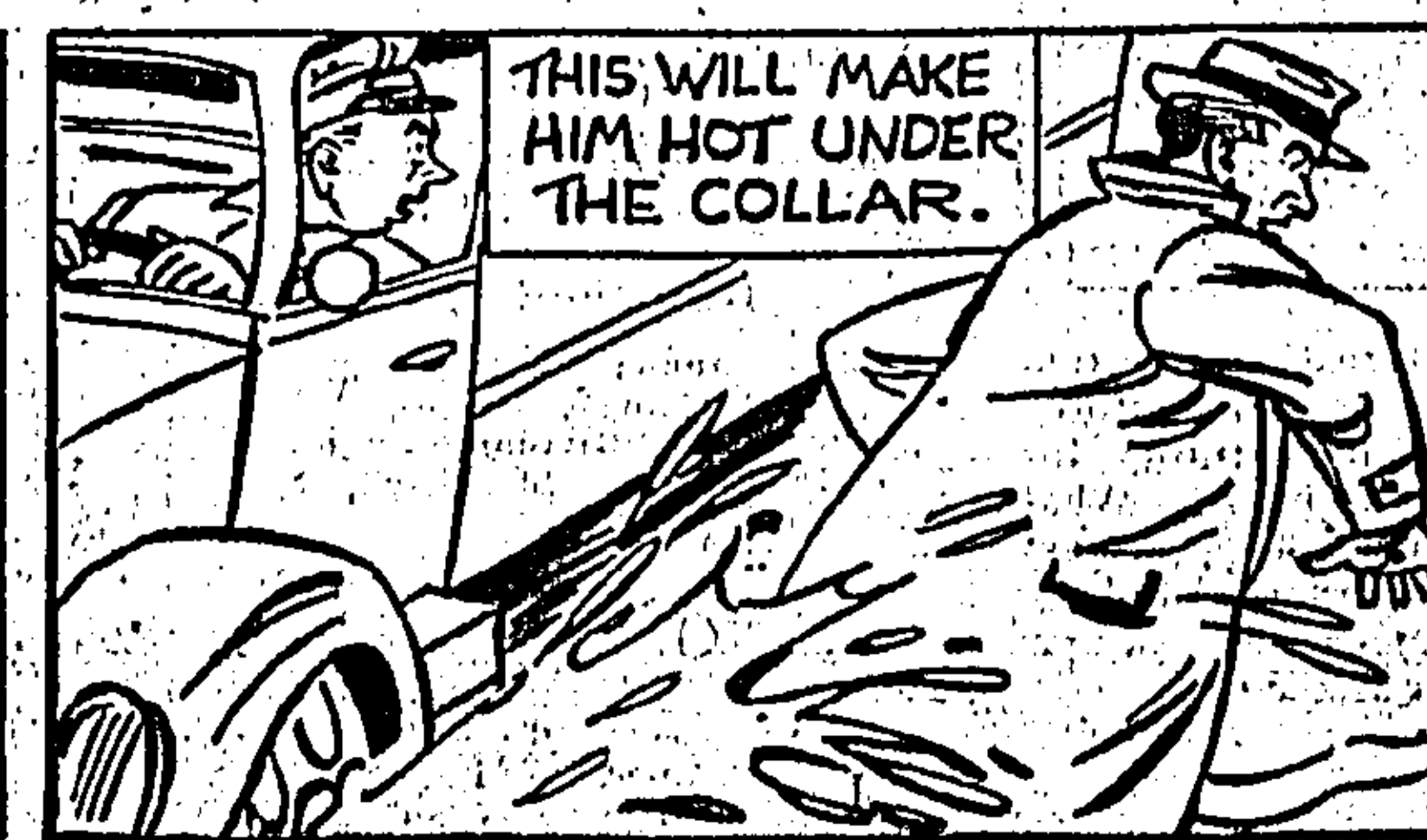
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THE GIRLS MAY APPEAR A TRIFLE COOL IN THEIR IDENTICAL DRESSES - BUT THEY ARE REALLY BURNING UP

PANDAS MAY ELIMINATE SOUTH CHINA FROM THE PENNANT RACE TOMORROW

By "KEYSTONE"

Softball activities this week-end will be highlighted by the South China-Pandas tilt tomorrow. Tailing the League-leading Braves by one narrow game, South China will face a stiff hurdle in the Pandas, and a loss will end all their pennant-hopes for this season.

Another Senior "A" game to watch will be the nightcap between the third-place Warriors and the US Navy. The fighting Warriors outfit dropped another step behind when they bowed to South China last week, and another defeat will topple them from their comparatively lofty third-rung perch.

The morning opener features Buster Hollands' Merry Madcaps against the Chinese Athletics. Frank Poon's CAA outfit has long enjoyed long, undisputed reign over the "mother-nether land" at the rock-bottom of the Senior "A" Division.

A surprise win over the variable Madcaps will elevate the Athletics at least to within striking distance of the other tail-enders and, perhaps, afford

them the dazzling prospect of forcing a three-way tie for last place with the Jaguars and Navy teams.

ONE DISTAFF TILT

The Ladies' Senior title having been definitely decided last week by the Wahoes' convincing win over the Squaws, one solitary tilt in on top in the distaff circuit, with the Pandas girls taking on South China in the last scheduled game of the Junior Championship Series.

Going into the final match ahead of their South China rivals by a one-game margin, the Pandas need but to draw in order to force a play-off for the Junior Championship, while a victory would hand them the Trophy straight away.

Ella Chin's South China lasses will go all out to upset Pandas' plans for a victory-march this year, but the Nam Wah outfit will be playing under a heavy psychological disadvantage from having dropped their first-round game to their rivals after leading comfortably right up to the final innings.

The Pandas are favoured to carry off both the game and the Junior title in tomorrow's breakfast-session.

Senior "B" Division activities are restricted to two games over the week-end, both taking place during tomorrow's lunch-hour period.

The long-awaited grudge fight between Bill Silva's young Delawares and the hard-sweeping Blackhaws will be definitely a game to watch as the outcome may affect final standings in the top brackets of this Division.

Presently tied for second place with the Rexes, the Hawks still have a long chance, mathematically speaking, for the Senior "B" title as the Americans still have a final game with the Rexes and an American loss would throw the race wide open again with another three-way tie for first place.

SPELLS DOOM

However, a fourth defeat spells doom for the Hawks, and they will be fielding their best against the ever-dangerous Delawares.

The Delaware tribe, on the other hand, dropped by the wayside quite lamely after a roaring start when they led the League for the better part of the season, brushing aside such powerful teams as the Americans, Rexes and Red Sox.

The Tribe has a long score to settle with the Hawks, which was carried over from the feuding and fighting days of last year's Junior League, and Bill Silva's outfit intend to do something about this long-standing account tomorrow.

In the other Senior "B" encounter, the much-dampened Wildfires tangle with Albert

Cheng's Pandas. Both outfits have long abandoned false hopes about the Division Championship, and this game is more of a fight to avoid tumbling down into the cold, dank cellar and sharing a tandem perch with the weaponless and ambitious Warriors.

Chinese fans will be out in full force for tomorrow's fratricidal battle between South China and the Pandas. In previous years the Pandas have always taken the measure of their South China cousins, but this season has seen a complete reversal of form with South China sweeping aside all other Chinese opposition in the Major League, including that from the CAA.

The first-round encounter between these two teams resulted in a late-innings victory for the persistent Nam Wah boys, after the luckless Pandas had led comfortably all along with three runs.

LACK OF FIGHT

Lack of fight and stamina has cost the Pandas many a game this season, and Manager Jackie Wei will have to instill some of the old pep and hustle of yesterday into the Bearcats if his boys are to carry the day against their old rivals.

The Pandas will probably field their strongest side possible against South China, with the possible inclusion of shortstop Wully Ma, long absent from the diamond.

Mound-duty will fall to playing-manager Wei and stand-by Jimmy Herrick. Receiving chores will be adequately taken care of by Raymond Tsao and C.Y. Lu. With old reliable Y.S. Liang at the hot corner, the South China boys will really have to belt the apple good and solid to get on base.

The main weakness in the Pandas' defence now lies in the outfield, with the loss of Y.Y. Liang and slugging Tomi Wei this season.

Trailing the League-leading Braves by one lone game, South China have to take the Pandas game if they are to keep in the running for this season's Pennant. A slip at this stage of the race will prove fatal, and the Nam Wah squad knows this only too well.

Mentor P.K. Lau has no alternative but to start slow-bowler P.C. Wong against the powerful bats of the Pandas and trust to luck that hurler Wong will be able to nick the unreachable corners of the plate.

The mainstay of the South China defence lies in their outer defence ring with glibling P.H. Lee and reliable L.C. Poon blanketing the outfield pastures under an airtight defensive cover. The only outstanding player in the infield is rubber-jointed C.M. Tsang at the initial station, the author of many a spectacular catch and narrow put-out.

WELL REALISED

Cary Coach Lau well realises the idiosyncrasies of his infield, since the score-books have revealed numerous infield miscues on fielding chances, while most balls hit to the outfield have been handled with faultless fielding.

South China will keep this point uppermost in their minds in tomorrow's "must" game, and chucker P. C. Wong will be playing for the outfield flies in order to bring his most powerful defensive weapons into action.

The Bearcats enjoys a big margin of weight with the bat and if their stick-artists can lay a solid hickory on the pill and avoid offing it to the outfielders, South China will probably see their pennant dreams finally and irrevocably dashed tomorrow.

WEEK-END PROGRAMME TODAY

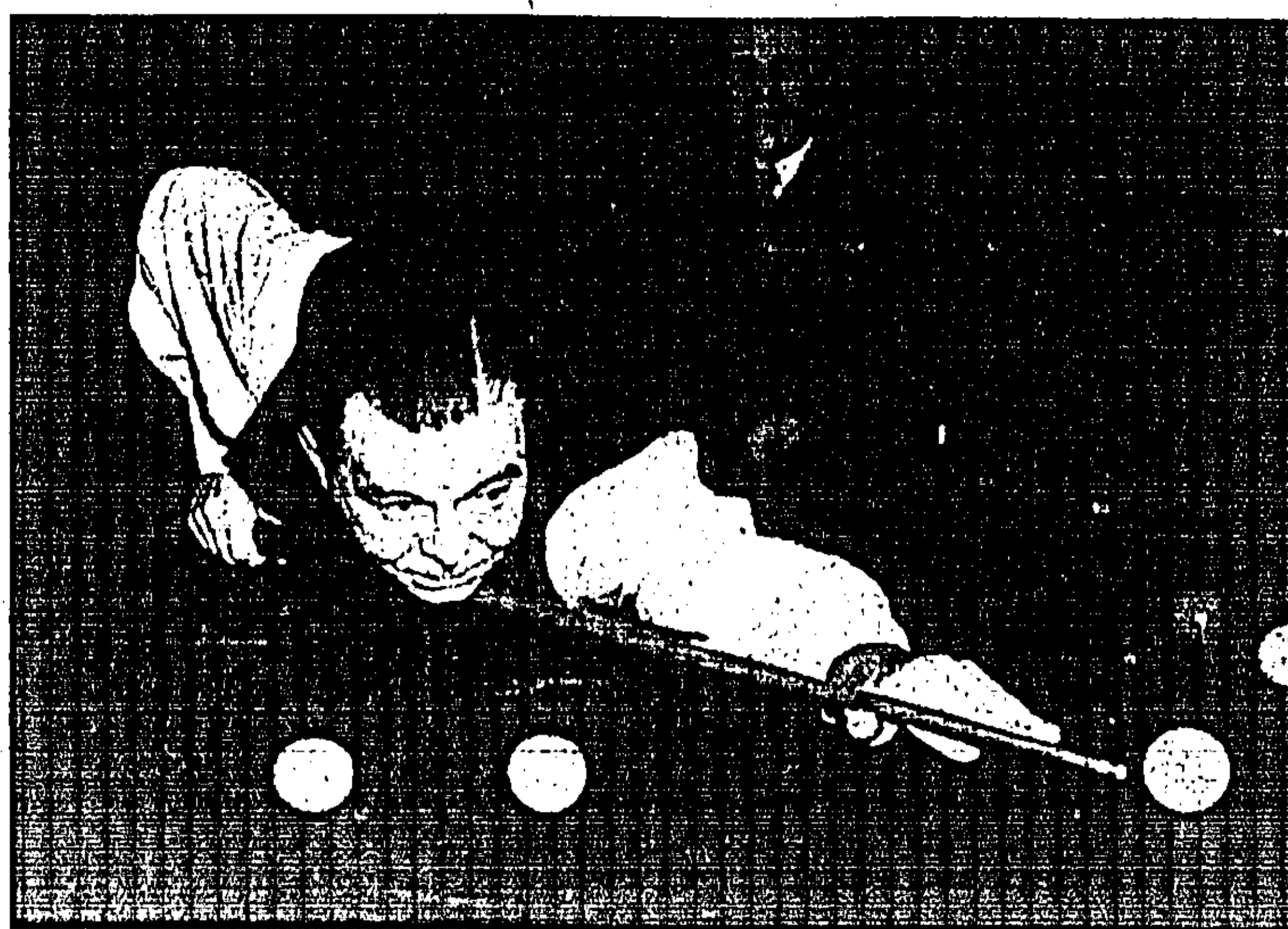
Junior Division: 2.30 p.m.: Giffins v. 35 Bantams; CAA v. Blackhaws.

TOMORROW

Ladies' Junior Series: 9.30 a.m.: South China v. Pandas. Senior "B" Division: 12.30 p.m.: Delawares v. Blackhaws; Wildfires v. Pandas.

Senior "A" Division: 11.00 a.m.: CAA v. Madcaps; 2.00 p.m.: Pandas v. South China; 3.30 p.m.: Warriors v. US Navy.

500TH CENTURY BREAK



Joe Davis achieved his ambition of scoring his 500th century break on February 18 with a run of 101 in his match against Jack Rea, the Irish Champion. Picture shows Davis on his way to his 500th century break. — Express Photo.

TODAY'S CRICKET

Race For Senior Division League Championship Enters The Final Lap

By "THE ZOMBIE"

The race for the Senior Division Cricket League Championship enters its final lap this afternoon with the Optimists in the lead, but with the Scorpions on their way to finishing up as the likely winners and Army the runners-up.

The Scorpions will be away to Indian Recreation Club in the first of their three remaining matches which will give them the Championship. Their other two matches will be against University and Navy.

Army, with four matches to go and a possible aggregate one point short of that of the Scorpions, will have University as their opponents this afternoon and are expected to continue to maintain their challenge against the Scorpions for the title. Their three remaining matches will be against Recreio, RAF and Navy.

The Optimists will have the strongest opposition today in their concluding match against Craigenower at Chater Road. They will have to win this to keep alive their slender hopes of remaining in the race.

Whatever the outcome, the Optimists-CCC match will undoubtedly be the match of the week, where sparkling cricket and a lot of runs will be the order of the day.

It ought to provide a fitting close-of-the-season match for a giant Optimists XI who, though they may not win the Championship, have contributed perhaps the greatest share to this season's quota of bright cricket. Let us hope that Craigenower will also respond to the occasion.

Although Craigenower had the advantage in their drawn first encounter, it is likely that Optimists will hold the edge in this afternoon's match and break through their chain of drawn matches in the last three weeks.

Should they field first, the decision should be theirs quite comfortably as Craigenower's attack will be further weakened in this match by the absence of Ragl.

Another equally interesting match, where winning or losing will be a secondary consideration and care-free cricket the feature, will be that between RAF and KCC at Kai Tak.

HOW THEY STAND First Division

	P.	W.	T.	D.	L.	Pts.
Optimists	17	10	0	5	2	45
Scorpions	15	9	0	4	2	40

Army	14	8	0	3	3	35
RAF	10	6	0	7	3	31
KCC	15	6	0	7	2	31
CCC	15	6	0	6	3	30
Recreio	11	5	0	6	8	20
University	7	2	1	10	11	11
IRC	13	2	0	12	5	8
Navy	15	0	1	3	11	5

Second Division

	P.	W.	T.	D.	L.	Pts.
RAF	13	11	1	1	0	47
Army	10	11	0	2	3	40
Dockyard	14	10	0	2	2	42
IRC	14	8	0	1	5	35
KCC	10	7	0	3	9	28
Police	14	5	1	3	5	25
Recreio	14	6	0	8	2	24
Navy	13	5	0	8	2	20
KGW	13	2	0	4	7	12
University	10	2	0	3	11	11
DBS	15	2	0	2	11	10

TODAY'S MATCHES

First Division

Optimists v. CCC
RAF v. KCC
Recreio v. Navy
IRC v. Scorpions
University v. Army

Second Division

Army v. University
IRC v. KGW

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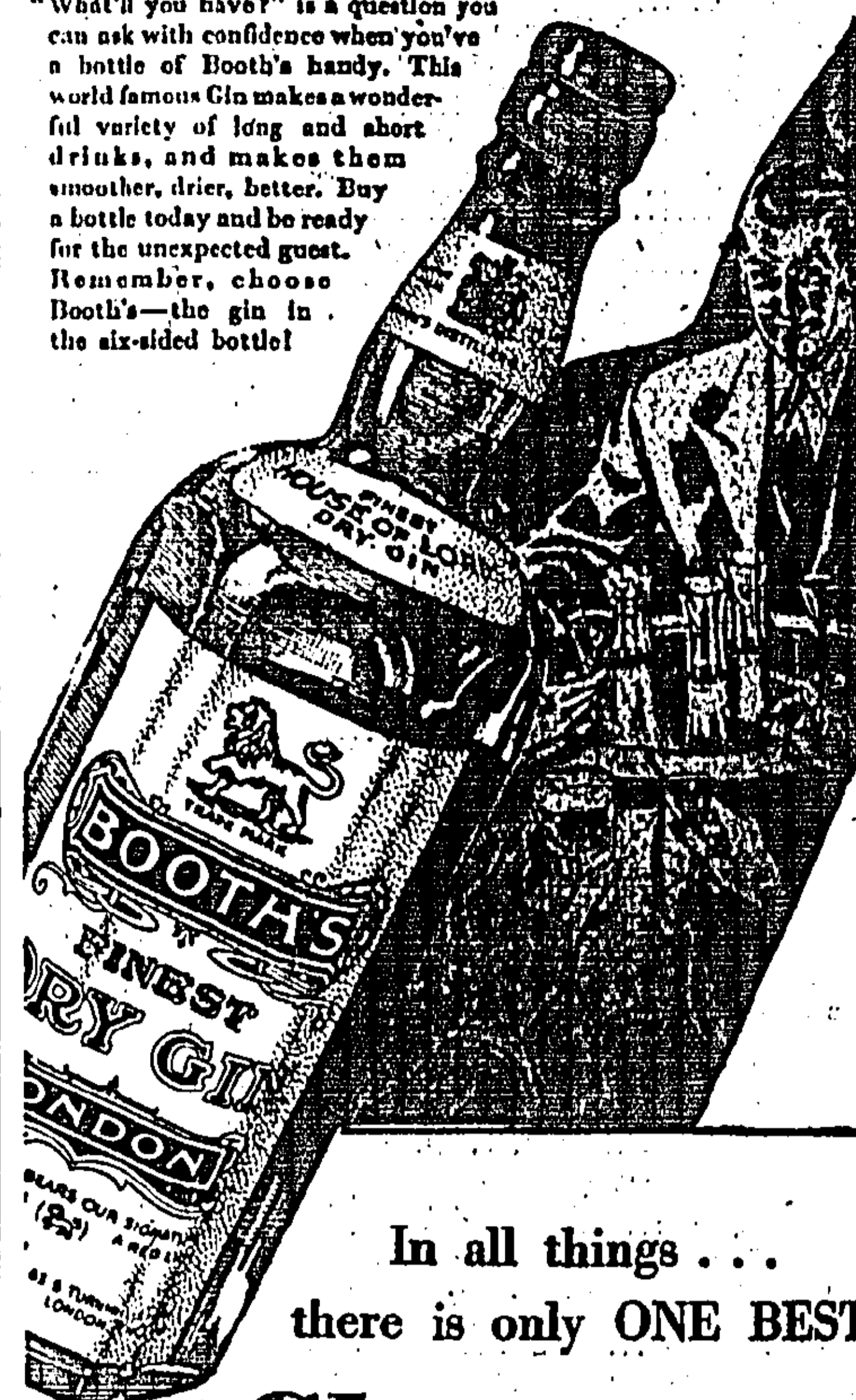
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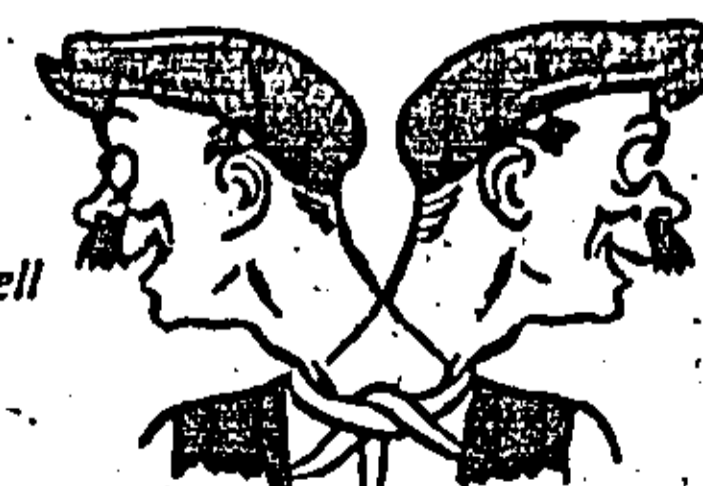


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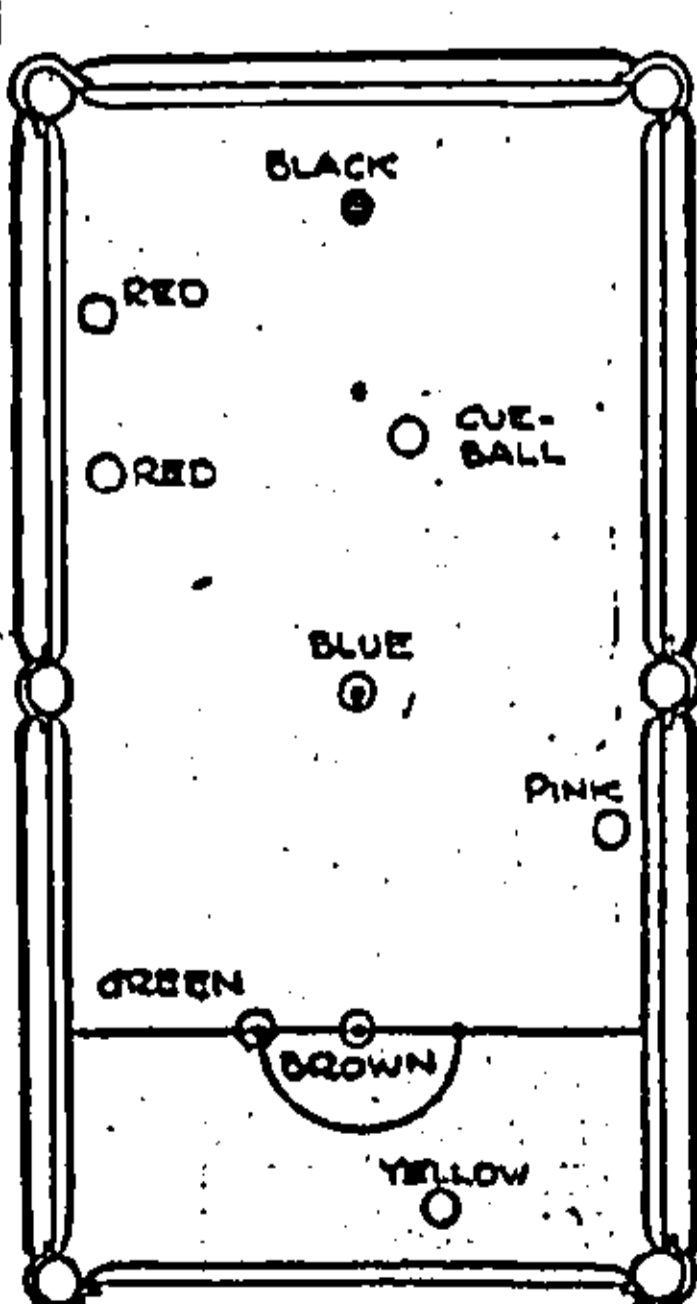
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You To Play Until Next Week



An interesting diagram confronts us and affords a grand opportunity for clearing the board. What would you do? (Next week Horace Lindrum will demonstrate what he would do.)

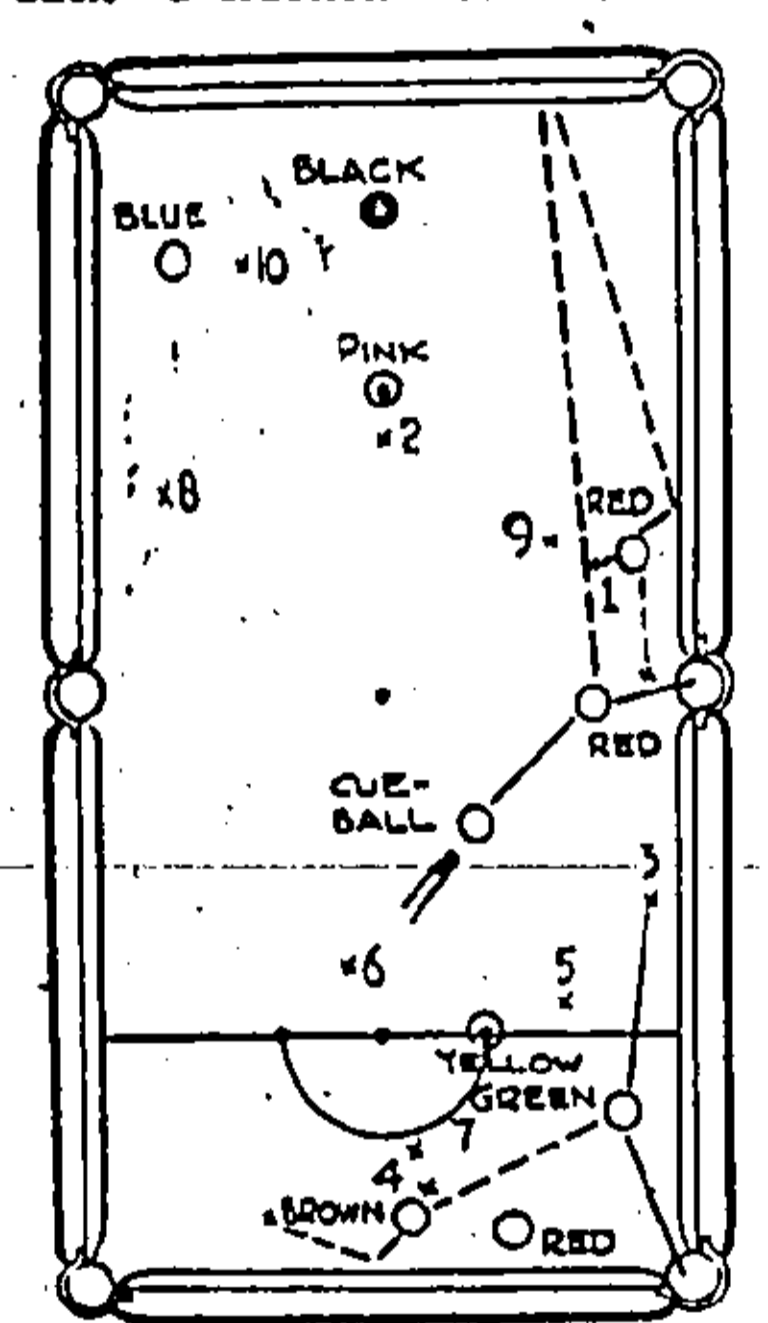
SNOOKER

By Horace Lindrum
(World Professional Snooker Champion)

The position I left you with last week is similar to one which faced me in an Exhibition at a Club recently. This is how I tackled the problem.

My first stroke was to put plenty of right-hand side on the white ball for the potting of the easy red into the right-hand middle pocket. The white ball made contact with the top cushion and came back to kiss the cushioned red over the right-hand middle pocket and stop in position X1.

I then potted the pink into the top left-hand corner pocket and with a little screw cue-ball came back a fraction to finish in



I potted the green into the bottom right-hand corner pocket, the angle this cue-ball allowed my cue-ball to cannon on to the brown and kick it a little more into the open. At the same time I gained a good position, X4, on the last bank cushion r.r.l. The green ball was then on its own spot.

I played the last red into the bottom right-hand corner pocket without side to get position on the yellow, X5. Then, addressing the white ball very low, I played a sharp screw shot to pot the yellow into the bottom left-hand corner pocket to come into line for the green, X6.

I played the green into the bottom left-hand corner pocket with top on the cue-ball to come off the bottom left-hand side cushion to finish in angle position X7, for the brown.

Addressing my cue ball slightly to the right, I potted the brown into the bottom left-hand corner pocket. In the meantime, the white ball came off the bottom cushion on to the bottom left-hand side cushion and finished in a perfect position for the blue, X8.

The blue was now potted into the top left-hand corner pocket and, with the aid of running-side my cue-ball came off the top cushion, missing the black it made contact with the top right-hand side cushion and I found myself in position X9 for the pink.

I potted the pink ball into the top left-hand corner pocket, striking the cue-ball on top to allow it to follow-through for the potting of the black into the top right-hand corner pocket from X10.

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"SHENGKING"	Keelung	3 p.m. 4th Mar.
"POYANG"	Singapore & Penang	10 a.m. 8th Mar.
"HANYANG"	Bangkok	10 a.m. 9th Mar.
"YUHOV"	Sourabaya & Macassar	10 a.m. 10th Mar.
"SHENGKING"	Keelung	3 p.m. 11th Mar.
"HUNAN"	Tientsin	10 a.m. 13th Mar.
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"BENLAVERS"	Direct to Singapore, thence Havre, London and Rotterdam. 7th Apr.
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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

Excellent Watch Dogs

By IDA SMITH

AT the Flowers Bird Farm, Bird Haven, in California, a big blue-grey gander used to meet visitors at the gate. His greeting was a cross between a whistle and a honk. Then he would lead the way and "show" the visitors around the place.



lot of alfalfa in short order. Farmers then run out with their shot guns and shoot up in the air to scare them away.

Geese are noted for their fidelity because they pair for life, and the male always helps his mate in caring for their young. The young remain with them for almost a year. It takes several years for them to become completely grown.

Geese, like swans, are long lived. One individual was known to have lived for 70 years.

The largest living species in the world is the Chinese goose. From this species has been derived all the Far Eastern domestic races.

Cnemidrius caelitrans is the scientific name of a fossil goose, now extinct, from New Zealand. Scientists claim that when in existence this goose had lost its ability to fly.

Geese have been known to make smart and interesting pets, and they make excellent "watch dogs."

A Chinese goose strutting at the Albuquerque zoo in America. Chinese geese are the largest in the world.

Huge outdoor aviaries there house hundreds of varieties of beautiful birds, in very nearly their own natural environment. At each section the old gander would stop and chat animatedly with a funny "Kweck, kweck, kweck."

This gander belongs to the domestic goose family. American domestic geese are descendants of the grey-lag geese of the Old World.

An interesting species is the Canadian goose, belonging to the "Black" goose family. In North America the Canadian goose is called the "Grey" goose. In the West he is known as the "Honker." He is the largest of American geese.

Geese are well known for their migrations in large numbers. They form in a great V and fly both in the daytime and at night, making a noisy clamour of honks while flying.

When geese are feeding they chat with each other in low tones. At the first sign of danger, a sentinel gives warning. It is not uncommon to see several species feeding together.

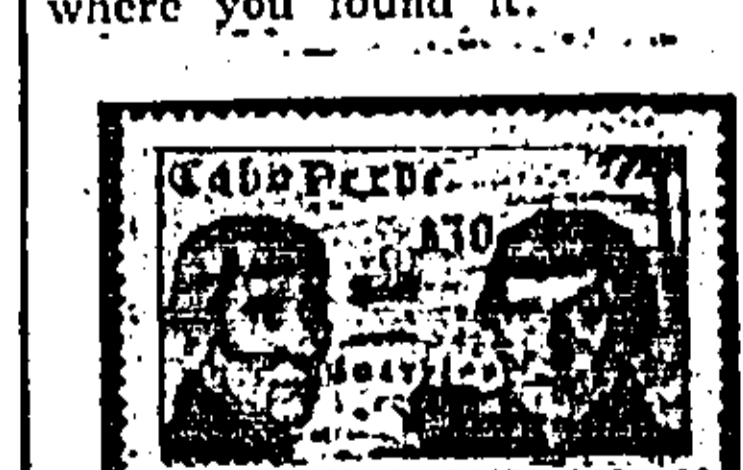
Often in the spring and autumn large flocks of migrating geese land and feed in farmers' alfalfa fields. They can eat up a

STAMP CLUB

WHEN mariners were bold and piracy a glamorous adventure, Prince Henry of Portugal sent his fleets sailing south to challenge the galleons of Spain and the buccaneer galleys of the Moors.

Prize was ivory, slaves and gold dust from the Guinea coast of West Africa.

Yes, the Portuguese were the ace navigators in those stirring days around 1450 when the ends of the earth were the goal and treasure was seized where you found it.



Today Portugal honours some of her early adventurers with a set of stamps almost as colourful as the lives of the men they portray.

Look at Alvaro Fernandes, the gallant with the page-boy hair style on the right of the stamp illustrated.

He sailed half way to the Cape of Good Hope in a tiny ship. Going ashore to take on water and food he was attacked by Africans and a poisoned arrow hit him and forced him to break off the trip.

Yes, it was a roving century and the new stamps capture its spirit.

Set of five cts. 4d. in London. A bargain.

J.A.A.

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WHEN AN ELEPHANT HAS A TOOTHACHE, HE OFTEN PULLS OUT THE TOOTH HIMSELF...

Three Very Strange Lands

— Ever Visit Shuffle, Forgettia or Won'tdoot? —

By MAX TRELL

IN my travel around the world," General Tin the tin soldier was saying to Knarf and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, "I visited many strange lands and met some very strange people. For instance, I once visited the Land of Shuffle."

Knarf and Hanid, who had never heard of the Land of Shuffle, instantly demanded that General Tin tell them about it.

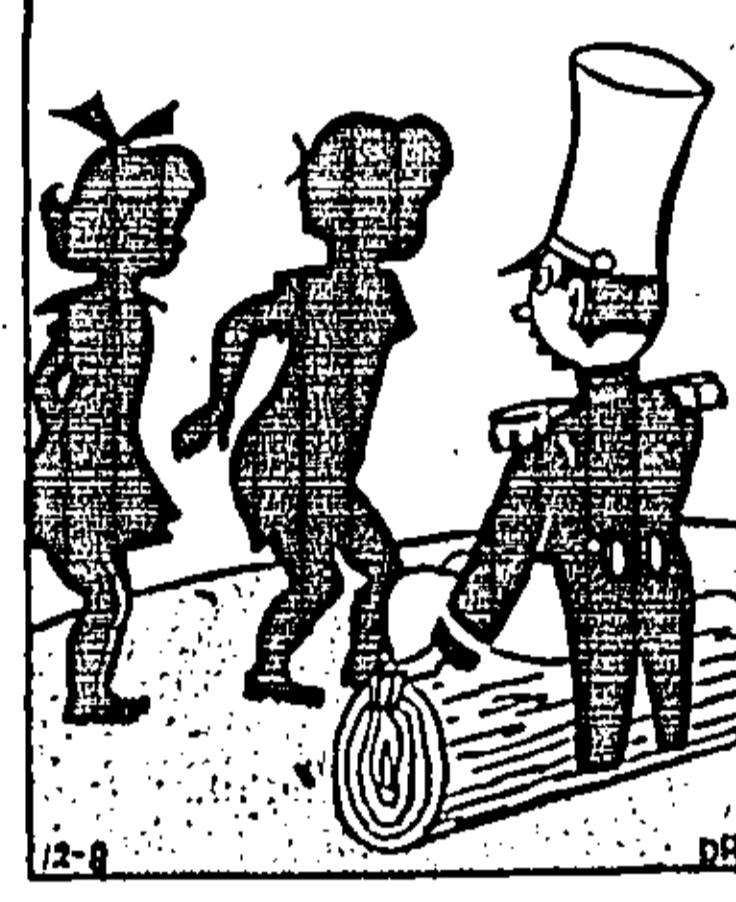
"Where is it?" Hanid asked. "And why is it called Shuffle?" asked Knarf.

"General Tin smiled. 'The strange land of Shuffle is right around the corner. But which corner it is right around I can't really tell you. I found it by accident. It's quite a pleasant place, with rivers and mountains and cities and towns. The houses are neat and clean, with pretty gardens around them. All in all, it is one of the loveliest countries I ever visited.'"

"Then what's so strange about it, General Tin?"

"The noise," Knarf and Hanid looked surprised and wanted to know what kind of noise the General meant.

"Well," he replied, "everybody in this curious Land of Shuffle walks around without lifting his feet off the ground. This is called shuffling. You have no idea how much noise a lot of shuffling feet can make. In fact, in the whole Land of Shuffle no one can hear anything but shuffling. They forget their shoes and leave them on buses. They forget their books and papers and pencils. They forget what day of the week it is. The hardest thing in the whole world for them to do is to remember not to forget."



"Shuffle is around the corner," General Tin told the Shadows.

men in the whole country are the shoemakers!"

"Why are the shoemakers the richest men in the country?" asked Knarf.

"Because shuffling wears shoes out faster than anything. But I know lots of people living right here who ought to move to the Land of Shuffle, because there's where they belong."

"And then," General Tin went on, "there's another strange land that I visited on my travels. It's called Forgettia."

Knarf and Hanid said they had never heard of that land either.

"It's not far from here, not far at all," said General Tin. "And it's called Forgettia because everybody in the whole country does nothing but forget. They forget everything. The children forget their hats and coats and leave them on buses. They forget their books and papers and pencils. They forget what day of the week it is. The hardest thing in the whole world for them to do is to remember not to forget."

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"Oh!" said Hanid. "Don't the people of Forgettia remember anything?"

"They remember just two things, my dear. They remember their birthdays and they remember Christmas. Oh, yes, and there's a third thing. They remember their names."

Knarf and Hanid thought they knew some people who really belonged in the country or Forgettia, too.

"But the country I liked least of all," said General Tin, "was called Won'tdoot."

"Why was it called that, General Tin?"

"For a very simple reason. If you asked anyone to do something, he would always answer: 'I won't do it! I won't do it!' It didn't matter what you asked, the answer was always the same. They just wouldn't do it."

"You'd be astonished at the things they wouldn't do if you asked them. They wouldn't tie their shoe laces, they wouldn't use a rapier, they wouldn't stop shouting when you wanted to go to sleep. The only things they would do were what pleased them!"

And General Tin sighed. "I hope I won't run into any Won'tdoots here," he said.

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